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A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

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SCHUBERT NUMBER

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Music and Letters

OCTOBER, 1928

VOLUME IX

No. 4

SCHUBERT IN HIS SONGS

If there is a lesson to be learned from the man who had always known already any fresh thing his music master wanted to teach him-who went to bed in his spectacles so as not to waste time in looking for them when his dreamt turned to his waking music-who certainly did not write ' Hark, hark, the lark' on the back of a bill of fare, because the MS. is there on a sheaf of paper—who sang his best song for choice on the comb, and wrote a copy of it for his own use to avoid the fatiguing left-hand triplets-who collected his friends for the 'Schubertiaden' and 'Würstelbälle' without the trouble of sending out invitations—who, when his hostess apologised for guests applauding the singer and ignoring the composer, asked her not to be distressed, because he was quite accustomed to being overlooked and, in fact, preferred it because it made him feel less awkward-who, when Kreutzer's 'Wanderlieder' were being played, and his adoring friend, Hüttenbrenner, turned to him with 'Let's drop these things and have something of your own,' protested against the unfairness and said he wished he had written them himself-if these things contain a lesson, it is that the man 'is' his music, and that it is no good trying to deduce his music from his life.

Nor is it any better if we look at the other side. He often had not enough to eat, or to wear, or to write his music on. He said his best things were (as Heine afterwards said of his) made out of his sorrows. When he liked Dessauer's song, and Dessauer disclaimed the praise because the song was too sad, he said, 'Do you know any merry music? I don't.' Goethe snubbed him. Beethoven awed him. Women flattered him and misunderstood his work. If all that were 'ever so,' we could get no clue from it as to what the man's music would be.

A man's music is his best self, the self when the accidents are stripped off. The events that circumstance brings, and the phrases he clutches at to go through life with, hardly matter: the passion that underlies both alone counts. When his music moves us, we feel drawn to the man, and like to know all we can about him. That is very natural and right. But it will never tell us why he could and Beethoven couldn't write songs, why Mozart could and he couldn't write operas. The real facts of a composer's life are not that he was married or single, well or ill, visited the Hebrides or the Caucasus or the Himalayas, or never missed a Sunday at his parish organ, but that he did, or did not, seek distractions, funk the grind, lower his standard. Of these things there is no record in the biographies (and if there were, they would make no story) but only in the music.

We read biographies to teach us, by sympathy, how to live this difficult life, to see how others faced emergency or boredom, and so to fortify ourselves. With that object in view we should turn not to an artist's biography, but to a life of action or adventure, of thought or endurance—to something, in fact, really central. And what we should chiefly ask of the hero would be how much of 'life' he managed to cram into it, how little that was parochial and how much that was universal. Life—not stones or paint or words or tones—was his medium; and we look to see what sort of work-of-art he made of it, whether he mastered detail or was mastered by it, whether he kept his balance and his sense of humour through it all, his hands clean and his heart tender, whether he saw life steadily and whole.

That is exactly the question we ask of a composer, but we ask it of his music—whether he saw music steadily and whole. We shall hardly discover this by comparing one composer with another; if we could find the ideal composer, he would not be ideal by having all the virtues, for he is still human. Wagner excels by impetus and Handel by momentum; Mendelssohn by lightness of touch and a sense of the picturesque, Verdi by an instinct for enjoying the good of the moment; Mozart's harmonies know when to stop, Chopin's compel the music onward; and everyone has the defects of his virtues, Schubert included. We shall do better to take a work and ask where it reaches our best hopes. With Schubert this must be a song. Let it be his first great one—' Gretchen am Spinnrade.'

What Schubert had found so difficult up to then (October, 1814) was to get unity into his lyric. He had busied himself mainly with declamatory songs—long ballads, descriptive or pietistic poems—and these asked for recitative and arioso interspersed with snatches of folk-melody. All this was the best possible practice for song-writing,

because it propounded continually new situations to invent characterising melodies for; but it led away from balance and unity. We find, indeed, early, short-breathed lyrics like 'Am Flusse' or 'Geistesgruss,' which entail hardly more structure than would an eight-line hymn-stanza, but nothing at all on the scale of this opus 2.*

The song divides, by its refrain ('Meine Ruh' ist hin '), into three portions, equal in length but increasing in content. Each section ascends the scale to increasingly remote keys-the first as far as the mediant, the second to the flat fifth, the last to the flat second; and the harmonies move faster, i.e., there are more, and different ones, each time. Besides this harmonic climax there is the melodic. The highest note is in each section a tone higher than in the last. The compass of the refrain is an octave, and in each stanza this is exceeded; also the internal climax of each is differently worked. In the first section there is a downward climax as well as an upward, in the second the lower half of the voice is balanced against the upper, in the last the voice rises on a curve of four whole tones and leaps to the clinching note. There is no rhythmical climax; for, in the first place, after all we have had it is not wanted, and, in the second, the busy monotone and the persistent throbbing tenor (left-hand thumb) are needed for another purpose, to supply what Goethe's words could not give—the numbing sense of the bodily occupation and the gnawing mental pain, all in one. The pianist loves playing itit lies so naturally under the hand; and the singer loves singing itit takes him where he wants to be just when he is ready to go there.

I wonder if it will be thought a piece of bathos to add 'and the translator loves trying to translate the words '? Goethe is untranslatable. But so in the long run is everybody. Faust himself tried the Bible, and only succeeded by a paradox:—

'In the beginning was the Word '-No; I can never put the mere word as high as that; we will say, 'the Mind.' But is that strong enough for a first line? Well then, 'In the beginning there was Force'? But even as I write that down something tells me I shall change it. What does my innermost spirit say? Ah, I have it now; no need to hesitate. 'In the beginning was the Deed.'

Faust, whether his effort satisfied Goethe or not, was strongly impelled to try. In translating for music there is an even stronger impulse; for if the thing, when done, will really sing, something seems to have been achieved. Whether it was worth doing depends on whether it is poetry that is hardly, or not all, or not at all, understood, or verse that leaves no doubt of its meaning, that is the

^{*}The opus number was given it seven years later.

better to sing. Anyhow, those who care to may test the case by some examples at the end of this volume. In whichever language they may sing them, they may at least be glad of this little anthology of Schubert's less known songs arranged chronologically.

The refrain in this song is provided for the composer by the poet, . as it is also in 'Der Erlkönig,' a year later. The treatment of the two songs is very closely similar, only that in the Erlking the melodic climax is in the refrain (the boy's speeches) and the harmonic in the stanzas (the Erlking always in the major, until he begins to threaten); and the three voices have to be kept about a third apart by their respective tessituras, so that pitch could not be used there for climax. But all this plan and lay-out of the song was here for the first time achieved. He had written 177 songs before the Erlking (opus 1) and in none of them, except Gretchen, had there been anything like it. The achievement was earned. He acquired by it his citizenship of the world of music. Henceforth he can work at the details one by one. In the 'Wanderers Nachtlied' (opus 4), shown on p. 324 in facsimile, the bass begins to talk (look at the last five bars). In 'Der Fischer' (opus 5) the poet sets him a problem: is the accent to be on the second or the fourth syllable of the line? And look at the simplicity of the solution-by the cross accents of the accompaniment and that heavenly drag at 'feuchtes Weib.' In 'Am Grabe Anselmos' (opus 6) we have short, sobbing phrases bound together into a fourteen-bar tune by its strong amalgam of masculine and feminine cadences, and the use, almost unique in Schubert, of syncopation. Or again he can leave things alone without trying to make a point. In 'Morgenlied' (opus 4) the poet has nothing particular to say, and even moralises apon that. Schubert gives it a limpid little tune that equally means nothing, and makes his bow to the moral in the minor key. In 'Jägers Abendlied' (opus 3) he seems to miss the point entirely. Goethe is contrasting the impetuous love of a man with the placid love of a woman: but Schubert has set the song strophically, and seems to have read no further than the first stanza. In that there is a contrast between Goethe's first two and last two lines, and Schubert has marked it by doubling the pace in the second half; but that is not the contrast of the poem.

We have taken samples rather at random from the first six opusnumbers, omitting, however, from lack of space some fine ones— 'Schäfers Klagelied,' 'Heidenröslein,' 'Der Wanderer,' 'Rastlose Liebe,' 'Memnon,' and others. The climax of opus 1 and 2 grows into the fine sequential passage of 'Suleika' ('Und, so kannst du weiter ziehen . . . Vielgeliebten'), and the sobs over Anselmo broaden out into the faltering raptures of 'Geheimes' punctuated by silent bars and poised on a delicious doubt as to whether the

rhythm is three-, four-, or five-bar (opus 14). In opus 19 the rhythm is plainsailing so long as Kronos goes on with his 'rasselnden Trott,' but breaks up into overlaps and interpolations at the passage ' Seitwärts des Ueberdachs ' and the girl with her pitcher of milk; much of the motion, too, of 'Ganymed' is attributable to the barring of voice and accompaniment seldom coinciding. Or, giving technique a rest for the moment, we turn to 'Klärchens Lied' (without opus number, but contemporary with these others), and we find a little pæan of 21 bars, the voice going hard all the time and every harmony riveted tightly in its place, that exactly hits off this noble girl of live emotions, a magnetic mind and a heart of steel. The sweep of this idvll expands several years later into the sustained flight of 'Auflösung' (where Schubert tells Mayrhofer what he ought to have meant, being too simple-minded to know what he did mean), and, in another direction, into the lightest, and most singable, fancies of 'Die Vögel,' and the careless ease of 'Die Spinnerin,' not quite so easy to sing. Or he will risk all on one chord-his favourite Neapolitan, perhaps. Listen to him crashing on to it in the seventh bar of 'Schwanengesang' (op. 23, 3), or poising on it for half a page at the end of 'Das Heimweh.' He lets his harmonies lead him where they will and tie him up in knots, and then with a wriggle he is free and in the straight again ('Wehmuth,' op. 22, 2); or he leads them where he will, to express the inexpressible, as in 'An den Tod,' with its anticipation (bars 7, 8) of the opening of 'Tristan.'

Well, we might go on for a long time yet and not exhaust all the arrows he has in his quiver. They do not always hit their mark. The triplet figure of 'Die Forelle' fascinates with its freshness but cloys with its five dozen repetitions. In 'Das Heimweh' he has caught the cumbrous tread of Pyrker's hexameters rather than the vision they contained; the subject was better suited for a cantata than for a song. And there are several instances where casual modulation has ended the song in some other key than the original, sometimes with manifest and clearly attained purpose ('Geistesgruss'), but sometimes ('Sehnsucht,' op. 8, 2) with aimless prolixity. These and others are the motes by which we see the sunbeam: if they were twice as numerous we should only see it better.

If it is inevitable that we should try to 'place' Schubert among songwriters, let us do it without depreciating him or them. There is one initial difficulty, that the language of music changes; a hundred years, or even fifty, makes a great difference. To Schumann, who came next, execution on the piano was not the difficulty that it was to Schubert's short fingers, and Weber had thrown much light on the way of writing for the instrument. Schubert's invention had been not song, which is coeval with the human race, but the combination

of voice and piano. Schumann made this alliance more intimate by his technical skill, more delicate by his literary feeling, and deeper by his being steeped in Jean Paul. Then came Chopin, who was the first to show the world what keyboard counterpoint could be, and in the process groped his way to new harmonic collocations. This enabled Brahms, with an even more contrapuntal mind and a better knowledge of the classics, to broaden and deepen Schumann's song design, to grip it tighter and round it off better. It began now to matter less that the composer was not a singer, since the centre of gravity was being transferred to the instrument. Then came Dvorák's scintillating and Wagner's impetuous chromatics; and Hugo Wolf, with a literary instinct the equal of Schumann's and a counterpoint more calculated than Brahms's, inherited an entirely new harmonic apparatus. Fauré was something of a collateral, tracing his line toif anyone-Chopin and Schumann. Stanford alone of our contemporaries wrote on the premisses of Schubert, that voice and instrument were equally important.

But composers cannot be discriminated by their harmonies, which are as short-lived as words. The tone of voice in which Addison pronounced 'real,' and Tennyson 'awful,' is now quite lost: and Wagner's word of fear, the augmented fifth, has gone the way of Schubert's augmented sixth, and become in our ears a harmless expletive. It is not the harmonies that decide the matter, but the way they are placed—reserved till the right moment, cumulated in the right proportion, as carriers of something more important than themselves, the melody. And what we can say of Schubert more truly perhaps than of anyone else is that he borrowed very little of others* and almost never repeated himself† in melody, and in harmony seldom used an extreme chord before its proper time.

Schubert died on November 19, having completed exactly four-fifths of his thirty-second year. It is customary to lament early deaths with an 'if only'; and this case is a particularly sad one, because 1828 contained emphatically his best work, the symphony in C, the piano sonata in Bp, and the settings of Heine. Moreover, with proper care he need never have caught typhus, or, having caught it, might have been nursed to health. But might-have-been is a poor argument. People vary immensely in the extent to which they can concentrate, and concentrated intently on the business of the moment, and quite possibly got into thirty years what is generally spread over

t' Suleika' contributed something to the first movement of the 'Unfinished.'

[&]quot;'Heidenröslein' is a reminiscence of the duet between Pamina and Papageno.

sixty. It is perhaps best to say, with Edgar, 'ripeness is all,' and to believe that a man's life is, oftener than we think, a rounded work of art.

But there is one thing that a short life does: it provides little food for the imaginations of biographers. As it is, they have inconclusively shown—a thin triumph—both that he lifted the little finger and that he kissed the wrong girl; and to have shown it of anyone less great would hardly have been worth while. In all this there is, indeed, salesmanship, the cheap virtue of to-day, masquerading as a love of truth; there is the snobbery of

Non, quia vexari quenquam iocunda voluptas, Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est;

there is the self-sufficiency of an age whose sense of fitness leads it to dig up and weigh and measure the dead man's skull, rather than to 'bear him along with his few faults shut up like dead flow'rets.' But 'where's music, the dickens?' If Schubert had lived to be fifty-seven, it is not impossible—there is a precedent—that we should have had books on both subjects. If to seventy, we might have had one writer proving that he was a Jew, another that he was not, and a third that it did not matter whether or no. In a couple of centuries Schubert may be two men, like Shakespeare. In a couple more, seven towns may claim the honour of his birth. At present he is still the son of a peasant, was born at 54, Nussdorferstrasse, which lies to the right as you go northward out of Vienna, spent his life in that capital, thought, made, wrote music till he was tired, and then lay down.

THE EDITOR.

SONGS AS THE SINGER SEES THEM

Song recitals in London are as leaves in Vallombrosa; not so thick to-day, maybe, as a year or two ago, for since then many a disillusioned young optimist has pulled up in sight of the workhouse and has either returned to the bosom of his impoverished family or taken up the more lucrative profession of sweeping crossings. If they and he were not makers of history they were at least symptoms of progress; the song has travelled apace since the days of 'May-Dew' or 'The Wolf.'

We who are living in this raddled age of lipsticks and transpontine importations could hardly be blamed if we despaired of English music. Our ears are atrophied by the din of the banjoes, our eyes are blurred with bacchanalian monotonies and our stomachs heave at the literary garbage which coal-black mammies shove down our throats with the assurance that they love us and we love them. And yet we know that far away from cocktails and jazz and cinemas the villagers are singing Bach and Schubert in the country competition festivals, and that in the misty hours of the morning, when the city roysterers are sleeping it off, the children are starting out in the charabancs across Salisbury Plain and singing folk-songs as they go for sheer love of it.

It is a fascinating thing to look back over the history of music and follow the finger of Providence; to see the waters spring suddenly in the desert places; to watch the dawn dismiss the dark, and obscurantism and formalism creep away with the shadows at the advent of imagination. Music in our country is the Cinderella of the arts, neglected by the rich, fostered by the poor. But Cinderella was beloved of fairy gods, and if we follow the progress of our music for the last sixty years we cannot but feel aware of some friendly hand which has guided us and given us in ordered sequence the men who were to save us.

A little more than half a century ago English music was stagnate. We were in the grip of the Handel oratorio and the Donizetti opera. Song was represented by the aria and the Mendelssohnic Liedchen. The amateur singer went to hear Tietjens or Lablache and modelled his ambitions on the giants; he flew too near the sun and like Icarus he fell. We had no soul to call our own. We were in a state of suspended animation, dependent on the foreigner for our music, without ideas, impulse or enterprise.

It was the dark before the dawn. Stanford suddenly came upon

the scene followed closely by Mackenzie and Parry, and in a moment the great forward movement began. Stanford showed us for the first time for 200 years that song was a child of the imagination, while Parry proved to us once and for all that music adorned words, not words music, and set the literary standard for the coming generations. We can say with truth that Stanford was the father of modern English music, for nine out of every ten of our present day composers were his pupils and are developing to-day what he initiated fifty years ago. Some dozen years later Mary Wakefield started the first country competition festival at her home in Westmorland. She little knew what she was doing for us and in all probability had no wider ambitions than those of the moment, but we shall be her debtors all the same. About ten years after her came Cecil Sharp, who devoted his whole life to the work of collecting, so admirably begun by Baring Gould and Lucy Broadwood and others—the rescuing of our folk-music on the very brink of oblivion. And finally—the last link in the chain-Edmund Fellowes, who restored to us the Elizabethans and gave us back the giants of our earlier renaissance. In the face of things so divinely ordered who would despair?

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona. Before the arrival of Stanford and his contemporaries in England, Schumann and Brahms and others in Germany had made songs so familiar to their generation that they were looked on in the light of daily bread. To-day it never occurs to us to ask when the 'song' was born or to trace its parentage. I said just now that Stanford showed his countrymen for the first time for 200 years that a song was a creature of the imagination. Purcell towards the end of the seventeenth century gave us a glimpse of it: 'Ye twice ten hundred deities' is prophetic in its imaginative treatment of the words-the 'swell'd sides' and 'pantings' of the Earthly Dun, the 'glide' of the Adder, the 'twist' of the Serpents, the gradual drawing of the spirit from the depths and the lullaby of the bubbling springs. These are fit to rank, as dramatic declamation, with the famous meliamata descriptive of the scourging of Christ in the St. John Passion. In 'Mad Bess' and 'Mad Tom' and 'From rosy bowers' he anticipated Mood which is the foundation of the vocal colour-scheme of to-day. But 'Ye twice ten hundred deities' is not a song in our sense of the word but an aria from 'The Indian Queen '; while ' Mad Bess,' ' Mad Tom ' and ' From rosy bowers ' are scenas written in varied forms of the classical idiom.

That idiom had dominated the music of the voice for the centuries before Purcell and, except for Gluck's revolt, held it prisoner for a century after. The voice was looked upon merely as a musical instrument of peculiar beauty and elusive technique. Its literature was either purely melodic, florid, or declamatory recitative. Its nearest approach to imaginative illustration was in its rhythms, minuets, gavottes, sicilianas, marches and the like. Colour was there, no doubt, but more by intuition on the part of the singer than by intention on the part of the composer. The cruelties of Chloë were as containedly bemoaned as the amours of Corydon and Phyllis were The Elizabethans simulated bashfulness or smilingly extolled. threatened suicide with their tongue in their cheek; Haydn, also prophetic, deprecated the Eton crop in advance with lovable charm and classical finish; Beethoven addressed his love from afar in the language of strings and trumpets and drums; while Handel, almost the greatest writer for the voice of any, seemed hardly to possess a literary conscience at all. It is true that most of the poetry of his day depended more on its grace of phrasing and sonority than on its word-painting, also that he himself was a foreigner; but the setting to serious music of such pseudo-classical rubbish as

> 'Tis thus the crocodile his grief displays, Sheds the false tear and, while he weeps, betrays'

or

'I fear this mysterious stranger has trespassed on my unsuspecting bosom'

is a proof that to Handel words were but a vehicle for notes and that his visits to Dublin had not materially helped his sense of humour.

It is only of late years that composers have shown a conscience in the matter of literary values, and this is almost entirely due to Schubert for reasons which will appear immediately. But, anomalous as it may seem in view of that statement, Schubert himself set almost as much rubbish to music as anybody else. It was a matter of quantity not quality. He dashed off songs at lightning speed. The ink was not dry on one before he began the next. His insatiable genius panted under the stress of its hunger. He was like some starving spaniel devouring his dinner and stopping every other moment to lick up the crumbs off the floor for fear they should have run away before he had finished. But at least it can be said that the finest poems inspired his greatest songs-unlike Brahms, some of whose most beautiful musical ideas were wedded to the most miserable claptrap. There is happily no need for the singer to cut off half of his intelligence in ' Der Doppelgänger ' or ' Gretchen am Spinnrade ' as he must in ' Die Mainacht ' and ' Wie bist du meine Königin.'

How many of our recital-givers to-day are aware of the extreme youth of their art? When they say 'I suppose I must do a couple of Schuberts' do they realise that but for Schubert they might still be

lamenting to Phyllidas or trilling in combat with indulgent flutes? The 'song' was born 113 years ago with Schubert's Opus 1. With that song he showed us once and for all time that singing was a semi-divine art. He remembered that the same Providence which gave us mortals the singing voice gave us also that holy gift of speech which makes it unique among musical instruments in its power of direct appeal through words to the human emotions, and left us richer in that possession than all the reeds and strings and drums ever fashioned by the hand of man. With that song he opened the cage to romance. I would carnestly, nay, passionately, appeal to our composers never again to send her and us back into captivity. I would ask them to remember that song is but a hundred years old; that it first appeared in England in the lifetime of some of them; that the 'holde Kunst' of Voice and Verse so far from having completed its span of life is only just beginning to see the light. It fills one with awe to look back into the dark night with Purcell's lonely star shining through the mists, and think how long we waited for the sun.

If one were to ask the average man which of Schubert's songs he liked best the answer would unquestionably be 'The Erlking.' It might be the only Schubert song he knew; or he might have a vivid recollection of its dramatic interpretation by some famous singer; or he might be vaguely conscious of its importance; or he might be truly moved by the faith which is in him. It does not matter which. For once in a way the man in the street is right. That song is immortal, undefeatable. For nearly 120 years it has stood the test of time and has borne the battle and the breeze. It has been the war-horse of the virtuoso. It has been battered by plethoric prima donnas, smothered in birdlime by rhythmless contraltos, boomed by manly basses, bleated at penny-readings, chunked on cinema pianos. It has disembowelled pirates with Douglas Fairbanks, unhorsed riders at Becher's brook and tracked murderers with Rin Tin Tin across the Twisted, strangled, worried, ridiculed, it emerges with undiminished grace each time from sea or cesspool, undrowned, unsullied, unconquerable.

What is the secret of its strength and its eternal youth? We cannot measure immortality with a foot rule, but we can at least declare the faith that is in us. Let us see how it lives and moves and has its being. Let us analyse 'Der Erlkönig' as a song, remembering first and foremost that the ballad is by Goethe and thus starts with half its fortune made.

We will enumerate the component parts in order of precedence.

Through the whole song run haste and fear. These govern the mood throughout and therefore come first in the interpretation. (1

recall here Walford Davies's aphorism :— 'Speed was made in Heaven; hurry was made in Hell.')

There are five characters—the father, the child, the Erlking, the horse and the wind.

The horse and the wind are haste; the father and the child are fear. But the horse, too, is afraid, and the father hurries.

The father, the child and the Erlking are in the voice; the horse and the wind are in the pianoforte. All are equal partners in the whole.

One of the characters has no need to hurry, and should not sound hurried—the Erlking clings like a leech. It is imperative in the interpretation to treat the Erlking from this point of view. All his cajolings, and bribes and threats must be within the pace of the galloping horse and tuned to its stride. Schubert has marked no change of speed from the initial schnell till the single accelerando on the last page meant to emphasise the 'Müh' und Noth,' the whip and spur, of the final frantic rush for safety. To slow the horse down for the Erlking's whispers would be criminal.

The pace should never vary up to that point and yet the haste throughout should sound like hurry. It is up to both interpreters to see that they convey this impression. It is one long breathless flight from danger with a finish which for dramatic realism could never be surpassed—when the father pulls the horse up at the door, leaps from the saddle and dashes with the child in his arms to the light and finds him dead.

These are but dry bones. There is something else far greater than haste and fear, pervading all; something which colours the singer's voice to soothe with the father and clutch with the child and croon with the Erlking; something in the pianist's right hand which hammers out the galloping hoofs, something in his left hand which dashes the squalls against the fugitives; something which has dogged the boy the greater part of his short life, hinting to him by day, haunting him by night, scratching on the window-pane, flickering in the firelight, waiting for him in the dark, chasing him on the wind to-night, stealing closer and closer, boring like a gimlet into his brain, till, leaping at his throat, it flings him dead in his father's arms.

'Der Erlkönig' is the story of a child's imagination.

The three main characters, human and inhuman, are written for him who runs to read. But the horse and the wind are equally protagonists in the drama. With this song the word 'accompanist' retired from the stage for good. Breathes there a contralto with soul so dead as to claim that she alone did it, or even to arrogate to herself the greater part in the interpretation? Can she paint for us the

terrors of the fleeing horse, or slash the rain against its quarters, or die the wind down to let the sneering whispers through? This, providentially, is in other hands. 'Der Erlkönig' realised once and for all the proportions and responsibilities of interpretation. I have gone into it at such length because it is the song of which I spoke above as making history. 'Der Erlkönig' was Schubert's Opus 1.*

It is easy to trace the children of its genius. The Lorelei in Schumann's 'Waldesgespräch': the driving rain in Brahms's 'Auf dem Kirchhofe'; the rocking seagulls, the curlews, the whispering waves and the Fairy Horsemen of Stanford's 'Fairy Lough'; the throbbing stillness of Vaughan Williams's 'The Sky above the Roof,' as far removed from ' Der Erlkönig ' in every aspect as Everest from the sea; the gibbet in Bairstow's 'Oak Tree Bough '; the sunlit clouds slipping over the edge of the world, and the frozen moon in the lake of Parry's 'The Fairy Town' and 'The Witches' Wood' respectively; the rosy twilight and the drowsy sheep of Armstrong Gibbs's ' Nod'; the bubbling coos of Bax's 'The Pigeons'; all come in direct line from the same song as surely as the 'Dichterliebe,' 'Wenlock Edge,' 'The Songs of the Fleet,' and 'Maud' owe their being to the 'Müllerlieder' and the 'Winterreise'; not by virtue of dramatic illustration, or atmosphere, or mood or of the other constituent forces in interpretation, but because for the first time since Purcell the poem took equal rank with the music, and words were made the true foundation of song.

Schubert had no idea that he was bringing about a revolution. The very idea of conscious iconoclasm is laughable. Baron von Spaun says in his memoirs: 'I went one afternoon with Mayrhofer to see Schubert at his father's house. We found him in a state of great excitement reading "Der Erlkönig" aloud. He kept pacing up and down the room with the book in his hand. Then all of a sudden he sat down at the table and in an incredibly short time—as fast as ever he could write it—there was the ballad finished."

If we compare 'Der Erlkönig' with, for instance, its predecessor 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' we can get some idea of the changes which it made in music. The Haydn song is a little gem, as lovable as its author, but it has nothing remotely to do with imagination. This is, I own, a thoroughly unfair bit of special pleading, but that song is representative of the type that had done service hitherto. It must have been hard for the prima donna of Handel and Mozert to reorientate her mentality to 'Der Doppel-

[&]quot;He had already composed a large number of songs—'Gretchen am Spinnrade,' 'Nähe des Geliebten,' and 'Rastlose Liebe' among others—but it was typical of the man that he did not aspire to Opus numbers until he had written 'Der Erlkönig.'

gänger ' or ' Der Leiermann.' This is no reflection on her genius or her character. ' Ah! lo so ' was not the right training for ' Gretchen am Spinnrade.' And yet we know that Schröder-Devrient sang ' Der Erlkönig ' to the aged Goethe so beautifully as to win him over to it against his will. History shows us that whenever a composer breaks new ground ' interpreters ' spring up like mushrooms.

There is another gift which generally goes hand in hand with imagination, a gift which runs the other close as a contributor to the joy of life. Versatility is often sneered at by the ignorant and classed with superficiality and even with insincerity. God forbid! It is the active outcome of the natural craving for change from routine which is born in us all and to which, in music, we owe the scherzo and capriccio, the largo and presto, the sostenuto and staccato, and rhythm's playfellow rubato and the other thousand and one things which distinguish music from noise and give it its infinite variety. Schubert possessed it in a degree which can only be described as amazing. Take three songs practically at random-' Die Krähe,' a grim picture, introspective, heart-broken, sotto voce; ' Das Wandern,' a hymn of youth shouted to the blue sky; and 'Haidenröslein,' a folk-song pure and simple sung by children in the shade in summer time. They are no more picked specimens than a handful out of a lucky bag, but they are near perfection in their widely differing moods.

'Amazing' is a word which has become smirched by overfamiliarity and the looseness of its company. It has driven niblick putts and Mississippi floods in tandem so often, and has extracted so many coppers from the 'evening rush 'that its circus attraction and currency have been sadly depreciated. It falls hopelessly short here. Schubert might have visualised 'Der Erlkönig' or 'Die Krähe' in the half-light of his childish superstitions or have sung 'Haidenröslein' to a dog-rose and 'Das Wandern' to a beer-mug. These are the friends with whom we have walked in step since we were children, the fantasies which keep us young. But what of 'Der Doppelgänger '? When we try to catalogue ' Der Doppelgänger ' we feel a sense of lonely inadequacy. How did he know that agonising nostalgia of remembrance? Hunger and want, if you will, but how did he remember! There is no record in his short life of his having loved, no rondo of despair, no exile, no adventure, no pain apart from poverty. The urge of music drove him so hard that it left him no time for experience; and yet he, with Heine, gave us the most tragic song of remembrance in existence.

Great as 'Der Erlkönig' is in its imagination, 'Der Doppelgänger' is far greater. Granted the imagination, the former is almost concrete in its handling. Its characters are vivid and are associated each with

its pictorial musical figure which screams, or whispers or gallops on the storm. We ride, or soothe or shudder with them at their pace. 'Der Doppelgänger' is dead still. Its current flows under the ice. It has no leitmotives. There is no attempt at illustration. You cannot point your finger and say 'Here is the house' or 'There is the ghost.' The voice part is mostly recitative; the pianoforte part a few vertical chords. Vertical chords have been the enemy of rhythm from time immemorial; yet in these two short pages they drive the rhythm forward to the greatest emotional climax we know. When I hear 'Der Erlkönig' I am whirled along like a leaf on the wind. When I hear 'Der Doppelgänger' I am conscious only of the vague feeling of gradual mummification which steals upon one in early anæsthesia, a sense of being frozen in, unable to move, listening to the groaning of the floe and waiting for the inevitable end when the flood of despair bursts its bonds and sweeps memory and me to the sea.

' Der Doppelgänger' is remarkable in that it is one of the few songs in which he gave strict orders in detail to the interpreter. The first page is a blank except for the initial pp; the second is a veritable thunderstorm of crashes. Every effect is dictated individually and all are so infallibly right that to vary them would be a sin. It is the greatest crescendo of agony because the simplest. But how did he know it, and why was he so jealous for its sake? In the light of this song one is forced to believe that music has the gift of revelation. (How else, for instance, could Stanford, who never was on a battleship in his life, have given us, with Newbolt, the spirit of the navy in the 'Songs of the Sea ' and the 'Songs of the Fleet '?) Remembrance has been the bitter-sweet song of poetry, and prose, and music and drama from time immemorial; of 'Tears, idle Tears' and ' Memory, hither Come,' of 'Trilby' and 'Torrents of Spring,' of 'At the midhour of Night' and 'Cuttin' Rushes,' of 'Rosemary' and 'Romance.' That it is in the heart of the young as well as the old was exquisitely shown us in 'Berkeley Square.' But how did it reveal itself in its most terrible aspect to this gentle soul who had never loved and lost?

'Der Doppelgänger' is essentially a man's song. 'Gretchen am, Spinnrade,' every woman tells us, is imagined and written in the mood in which a woman would feel it and express it—and he was seventeen when he wrote it! Here again his instructions, though less detailed, are explicit and eloquent—the weaving right hand sempre legato; the left hand (the pedal) sempre staccato. The beginning is marked nicht zu geschwind; he evidently had in mind the coming crescendo e poco a poco accelerando leading up to the two climaxes, the second greater than the first. Mark the long pause of memory on 'sein Kuss' when the wheel forgets to spin, and the reluctance

of its rebeginning when she awakes from the spell of the dream. It is a rondo in form; its very structure tells us that a wheel goes round and that memory returns.

When in the cinema I hear the swish of the wind, and the squawks of the babies, and the squeals of the pigs and the hickups ('hiccough' damns with faint praise) of the drunkards mechanised and synchronised with devilish ability by the robot at the organ, I find my immortal soul stealing away to Schubert and the 'holy art' which leaves things to the imagination.

I do not believe that from the historical, or even the analytical, point of view the interpreter can always be trusted to act as an unbiased judge of a composer. Indeed it should not be so. His emotions must overwhelm his judgment even as unbeknownst to himself they colour his voice when he sings. Thus when we sing 'Das Wandern ' or ' Der Leiermann ' we react all unaware to the genius for friendship-so much closer to Callimachus and 'Heraclitus' than to Heine and ' Der Doppelgänger '-which is still eloquent of the man who wrote them, the little man who used to sit at the table in the café and gaze at Beethoven with adoring eyes, too shy to speak; who wrote songs and threw them in a drawer and forgot all about them, like a dog burying a bone; who, as Grove tells us, wrote 'Hark! hark! the lark ' and ' Who is Silvia? ' on the back of a bill of fare in a beer-garden, and would improvise lovely waltzes by the hour for his friends to dance to, and play ' Der Erlkönig' on a comb and practical jokes on anybody he could lay his hands on.

It is said that in a former existence we were all animals of one sort or another. If this be so Schubert surely was a dog; a woolly dog who played with the children, and climbed the trees after them, and fell down again and barked ecstasies of protest against prehensileness, or tore round and round in simulated madness, and leapt on them. and bit them, and worried them and then tore round and round again; who pulled them out of the water when they fell in, and never knew he was a hero; who looked on every other dog as a potential friend in face of all discouragement; who worshipped Borzois from afar, with depressed tail, too shy to speak; who tolerated Pekingese, and wondered at Griffons and could not see the fun of Poms, but loved spaniels and dachshunds and every terrier that ever was born; who belonged to nobody and had no meal times, but picked up unconsidered trifles and died in the end of starvation, under a hedge, alone. The men who refused 'Der Erlkönig' and bought the songs of the 'Winterreise' for tenpence apiece must surely lie uneasy in their graves.

And here we have the third of the trinity of the 'holy art' of song-humanity, which Schubert possessed like no one else. It is

really the parent of the other two-imagination and versatility or field of vision. It is the common denominator which belongs to one and all and moulded the works of his genius unawares. It is, I believe, possible, looking at them in perspective, to tabulate Schubert's songs and group them under definite headings. Nothing could have been farther from his own thoughts and methods, and the only excuse for it would be the fun of trying to trace their individual pedigrees. Yet no sooner have we put a song into the right bag with its fellows than it has crept out of a tiny hole somewhere and gone to live with some other wrong family. There is no particular virtue in such a classification, but it is interesting to note that, in spite of his versatility. flying as he did, like a butterfly from flower to flower, a certain mood seemed to dominate him in the setting of poems of similar type and even to suggest a similar style of technical expression. We find, for instance, in the dramatic songs 'Die Junge Nonne' and 'Gruppe aus dem Tartarus,' far as the poles apart in their moral, the same vivid pictorial handling of the pianoforte part as in 'Der Erlkönig' and 'Gretchen am Spinnrade.' In 'Die Junge Nonne 'we have the storm again in the left hand. The right hand gives us the monotonous hum which seems to accompany storms in general. These are closely allied to the monotonous rhythm of the galloping hoof-beats and the spinning wheel respectively. Here, as in 'Der Erlkönig,' one is conscious of a pressing on to a goal. One feels that the heroine of the drama looks neither to the right nor to the left but battles on until, her sins forgiven, she is safe at last in the arms of the 'himmlischer Bräutigam.' The dying away of the storm at the sound of the chapel bell and the exquisite serenity of the finish, without a break or change of subject, 'come off' miraculously.

'Gruppe aus dem Tartarus' is the song of lost souls. You can hear their groans in Hades from afar. They mill round like rats in some hellish tank, pawing at the sides, fated never to escape, never to drown. They surge hither and thither in massed crescendos moaning, cursing, weeping. The two hands in the pianoforte follow the billow of their shoal. The pictorial treatment of the words is more subtle and more detailed than in the other two, but just as truc-the heave of the ocean; the moan of the river; the cry of despair as the cycle of doom comes round again; the crescendo of cursings; the sudden hush as they stop to stare, hollow-eyed, towards Cocvtus; the wail of hopelessness; the clutchings, and pantings and whisperings as Fate knocks ever louder and louder; and the crash as the tornado of Eternity bursts upon them and passes on into the distance on its rounds. Note that he repeats his climax again and again-Eternity is Eternity. The illustrative treatment of the words can be followed from bar to bar, but the impression which one carries away is not one of detail. It is the pervading sense of fatalism, the feeling that Eternity moves in a circle and dies away only to return; that down below the same dread scene is being played in cycles for ever and ever, and that for one infinitesimal moment of time the door has fallen ajar and we have caught the jangle of tormented souls and glimpsed the roundabouts of hell.

I have devoted the major part of this article to the great dramatic songs because it is on them that all modern song is founded. To put it shortly, they showed us how to use the resources of voice and pianoforte as a team to accomplish a definite object—the illustration in mood, colour and design of a poem as pictured in the imagination of the composer. Schubert's songs may be roughly divided into those which made history and those which did not; in other words, into the songs for voice and pianoforte (sometimes the other way round) and the songs for voice with accompaniment. Many of the latter, like 'An die Musik,' have made history too, but not in the sense I mean; we will come to them presently. There is a middle class, not definitely illustrative enough to rank with the pioneers and yet far ahead of the formal melodies which had gone before. To this class belong 'Wohin?' in which he puts the rippling brook and the thumping mill-wheel in the pianist's right and left hands respectively and leaves the singer to sing the happy words unadorned. (Compare in this apportioning of responsibility Stanford's 'Fairy Lough' in which the pianoforte part follows the poem and paints it word for word, while the voice simply tells you that the 'little black lake ' lies so high among the heather that there is ' no one there to see ' when the fairies are abroad. It is only in the matter of the relativity of voice and pianoforte that it resembles 'Wohin?' It belongs essentially to the great No. 1 group.)

' Liebesbotschaft ' is another ' Wohin? ', like it bubbling along far too busy and happy to be bothered with expression marks. Practically all the 'brook' songs belong to this class. There is nothing very imaginative about them; their dialect after translation is as obvious as that of 'bird' songs. But even where the figures in a picture are the same he varies his technique to suit either mood. Thus in 'Abschied' he trots leisurely away from Vienna, humming a tune and thinking of the girls (collectively) he left behind him; while in 'Auf der Bruck' he suddenly discovers that that one particular one of them has played the devil with his heart, leaps again on his horse, turns its head towards town and (Oh! the poor pianist's right hand!) tells it to 'get a move on.' These two belong to the great ' Viennese ' group together with ' Auf dem Wasser zu singen,' ' Das Fischermädchen,' 'Ungeduld,' 'Das Wandern,' the posthumous 'Am See,' 'Das Lied im Grünen' and a host of others too numerous to mention; not that they were written in Vienna or were about Vienna,

but because they shout aloud the spirit of Vienna that was in him and came out of his fingers when he improvised those waltzes for his friends, the spirit which descended to Johann Strauss and 'The Blue Danube.'

' Das Fischermädchen' is one of the most delicious little love songs ever written, and yet in my subconscious mind it is always tinged with a colour of apprehension, simply because in the 'Schwanengesang' it immediately precedes the three tragedies' Die Stadt,' 'Am Meer' and 'Der Doppelgänger.' These three show how mood dominates everything and needs no adventitious aids. In 'Die Stadt ' the illustration is in the pianoforte. It is the most original suggestion of rowing imaginable. Its sinister colour foretells tragedy from the first bar; the voice merely declaims the story. 'Am Meer' is a tune with accompaniment. Its only attempt at illustration is the tremolando at the rising of the wind and waves. Yet we feel that the sea stretches limitless before us indigo and grey in the failing light, and, like the woman, beautiful, treacherous-the sea (unlike Des Baches Wiegenlied) has no heart. 'Die Stadt' is vividly pictorial; 'Am Meer ' has but a few coloured lights; ' Der Doppelgänger' is a handful of dynamic chords. The first is great, the second greater, the last greatest of all.

One cannot help feeling that in the education which he received in his early days Schubert must have been drawn to the classics and have absorbed the sense of style which they particularly give. He could be just as classical in his handling of 'Der entsühnte Orest' or 'Prometheus' as he could be Viennese in 'Im Frühling.' ' Prometheus ' is the classical idiom translated into music and nothing short of it; 'Dithyrambe' (half Viennese) is a toast to the gods with nectar in the cup for wine; while 'Lied an die Dioskuren' might have been a Greek shanty to Castor and Pollux instead of to Shenandoah. And how can we do justice to 'An die Lever '? Did anyone ever fling defiance at Cupid in such a classical recitative or kiss his chains to such a lovely modern tune? We can see the game being played under our very eyes-the defiant vertical chords which halt, and falter, and syncopate (one of the rare instances in all his works) and wilt and recover and wilt again, and merge (cf. 'Gretchen am Spinnrade ') into final surrender in the horizontal tune.

And here one asks oneself the question—'What is a tune or what is the secret of its immortality?' Has it some active virtue all its own, a divine radiance from which springs eternal youth? Or does it endure by virtue of its simple life and immunity from disease? When I was a student in Stuttgart I heard the younger Staudigl sing 'Litanei,' and I vowed there and then that if ever I grew to be a singer I would sing it all my life. I have sung it hundreds of times and by all the laws of familiarity it should long ago have fallen into

contempt; yet it is as fresh to me to-day as the first time I heard it, and I cannot say why. It is an example, almost primitive in its simplicity, of the 'song with accompaniment' referred to earlier.

We do not know the bard who made the 'Londonderry air,' whether it was one of many or whether it was his 'first and last' and then he 'sang no more'; but one tune will keep the flowers fresh on anyone's grave. And where do Schubert's tunes begin and where do they end, and which one would we choose as his passport to immortality? There are enough of them in the Wind Octet to last anyone else a life-time. There are enough of them in the Unfinished Symphony and 'Rosamunde'—not to speak of his chamber music—to reconcile the world without the aid of the League of Nations. And these take no account of his songs and his songs were the great achievement of his life.

Tunes poured from his brain in a never-ending stream. Sad tunes like 'Das Wirthshaus'; happy tunes like 'Wohin?'; sleepy tunes like 'Nacht und Träume '; wide-awake tunes like 'Das Wandern '; laughing happy love-tunes like 'Morgengruss'; dashing happy lovetunes like 'Ungeduld' (how he would have loved 'To Anthea!'); tunes to lull a child like 'Schlummerlied'; tunes to serenade a mistress like 'Ständchen'; tunes of the road like 'Abschied'; rollicking tunes like 'Dithyrambe'; solemn tunes like 'Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergiebt '; witty tunes like 'Lachen und Weinen '; tender tunes like 'An mein Clavier'; wistful tunes like 'Nachtviolen'; sparkling tunes like 'Who is Sylvia?'; skylark tunes like 'Das Lied im Grünen'; giant tunes like 'Die Allmacht'; midget tunes like Haidenröslein; and the beloved tune that is the precious possession of all creeds 'An die Musik ';-made to no model and owing nothing to their predecessors, each one the perfect expression of the mood of the poem.

With that word mood we come inevitably to the 'Winterreise.' I would advise every young singer and composer (and he need not be so very young) to fill his pipe and sit down in an armchair and take the 'Winterreise' on his knee and see what emerges as he reads. He need not look for things; they will find him out. By the time he has arrived at the end he will have discovered that one mood has pervaded the whole cycle, and yet that each song in that cycle has its individual mood which dictates its colour and its technique; that some of them have been treated illustratively, mostly in the pianoforte part, and that such illustration has invariably been inspired by the literary text, but that when there is no such demand the poem is left unadorned; and that they group themselves into the dramatic and 'tune' groups by virtue of their relation to the individual poems. He will, for instance, gather the fickleness of weathercocks in 'Die Wetterfahne,' or watch his hat make cartwheels down the road in

'Der Lindenbaum'; but he will search in vain for fingerposts in 'Gute Nacht' or 'Frühlingstraum,' which are open road. If he would like to look for a mood let him take 'Die Nebensonnen' and try and give the mood a name, remembering that this song is the last but one in the cycle and already in the shadow of its great companion. Or let him turn to 'Wasserfluth' and see what the symphonies can suggest to his imagination. There is something uncanny in that chord of the dominant seventh without the third. It gives a bleakness to the whole song which pervades it from the start. The limp in the opening rhythm and the deferring of the leading note seem to tell us how slowly tears fall, how long they take to melt the snow and how far they must travel till they reach the town. He can actually see them fall, if he will, in 'Gefror'ne Thranen.' He can hear the hounds baying in 'Im Dorfe' and the tantivy of the horn in 'Die Post': or he can chase the will-o'-the-wisp in 'Irrlicht' and find it has led him back to 'Wasserfluth'; but he will find no painted sign over the door of 'Das Wirthshaus.' I only pray him to take them in their order and keep the greatest (though its technique is but bread and water) to the last-' Der Leiermann,' the song of failure, the summing-up of his own life, pitiful in its humanity, piteous in its philosophy, lonesome as the robin's pipe in winter or the widow bird upon the bough, when 'down and out,' with hope's last string frayed through, he turned his face to the wall and said, ' Hier, hier ist mein Ende.'

Percy Buck has said elsewhere: 'Throughout history the great men have been great because they had imagination; they could look into the future and did not think in terms of their own generation. If you cannot get away from the standards of your own period you are suffering from chronological insularity.' That might have been written specially of Schubert. He changed the face of our world in a day-' Der Erlkönig' worked as great a revolution as Stephenson's No. 1. He did not look shead or consciously bring his judgment to bear. He was driven by the sheer fury of his imagination. He burned no midnight oil. There is hardly a correction in his MSS.; he dashed them off in the white heat of his genius. It is no exaggeration to describe him as the most inspired of all composers, for what he did he did almost in spite of himself. His technical equipment was comparatively limited (he had arranged to take lessons in counterpoint just before he died). His harmonic range was small. He had certain tricks which almost amounted to clickes. He rang the changes on alternating major and minor so often as almost to render them suspect to our modern ears. It is true that he handles them consummately as in ' Der Lindenbaum,' or ' Lachen und Weinen ' or ' Die Rose'; still they sometimes give one the impression of being a stereotyped way out when he was in a hurry, which was oftener than

not. He was overfond of the smooth quaver and semiquaver rhythms, as in 'Der Jüngling am Bach' or 'Mein,' which are instrumental rather than vocal and proportionately difficult to sing. Still he seldom lost sight of the virtues and technical limitations of the voice. He was a trained singer himself of the 'voix de compositeur' order. It never occurred to him to 'discover' chamber music for bunches of singers to bleat or groan on ah or uh to the travail of the mountain, though it was not for want of appropriate imagination-after all he played 'Der Erlkönig' on a comb! The only concessions which he made to custom were the unnecessary repetition of finales and the inclusion in the strophic songs of verses which were not vital. 'Des Baches Wiegenlied ' would have a fairer chance against ' Der Leiermann ' if it were cut down to half its present quota. It is absurd to think that all he wrote was sacrosanct, or to read, as some zealots do. a wonderful hidden significance into the two final chords of 'Der Erlkonig' which say as plain as plain can be: 'That's that!' or, in the words of the folk-song: 'If you want any more you can sing it vourself.' I, personally, should not have been so kind to my horse as I brought him up to the door. Nor can I feel the forte in the last sung phrase but one of 'Die Krähe' and still less in the last sung phrase of 'Wasserfluth.' He would not have minded. He would have said, as Stanford used to say, 'Do it your own way, my boy.'

This article has not attempted to make an exhaustive survey of the songs. It has been written with only one object—to show what we owe to Schubert as the discoverer of Imagination. The world is giving him his due to-day a hundred years too late. There is not a civilised community which is not honouring the anniversary of his death. I wonder how many of them have given a name to what they celebrate.

In one respect the singer is the best judge of the composer—he is sensitive to impressions and those impressions pass through no sifting process. But maybe here it is not so. Gratitude for what he left us, awe at the size of it, these are apt to tilt the scales of justice. But closer to me than all is the thought of the woolly dog who pulled us out of the water and never knew he was a hero, and died in a ditch alone. And even as in my mind I can visualise the little man sitting in the corner of the café worshipping Beethoven from afar, too shy to speak; so when Jove summons the Immortals to music in Olympus and the heavens thunder with the concerts of the learned astronomers. I can see Orpheus open the door very gently and beckon to Schubert, and watch them wander off alone in perfect silence under the stars; or picture them in imagination sitting together by the fire o' nights and talking of 'An die Musik' and the old Vienna days that are no more.

H. PLUNKET GREENE.

THE GRAND STYLE

No kind of musical composition is so completely identified with one name as is the German Lied with that of Schubert. Songs were indeed called Lieder before him, but without any special significance. What the word now stands for originated with him, and him alone. It sprung from his brain complete, as Minerva in full panopoly from the brain of Jupiter. What was done before him and what has been done since is still judged, in spite of changes, with reference to the example which he set. To know his songs is to understand the Lied, as to know Bach is to understand the fugue.

Many pens have been busy with them this year. They make it clear that he has hardly yet—in the common phrase—'come to his own.' Of the 600 songs a mere handful is common property even among those who profess to honour his name or to love the art of song.

In this article I propose to examine one question, to emphasise one point and to give one piece of advice.

The question is this: apart from his melodies, his harmonies, his rhythms, the fusion of poet and composer, words and music, and all the other things in Schubert's songs, of which we read so much, what is it really that makes his work as fresh to-day as it was a hundred years ago and stamps it undeniably as great? If we review in any sphere of art those creations which have stood the test of time and entered permanently into the first class, thus becoming classics, we shall find one quality common to them all, the quality of universality. It finds its expression in that which Matthew Arnold, speaking of literature, calls 'the grand style,' the style pre-eminently of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Goethe. Those who have exhibited it in their works, especially when these are constructed on a large scale, are the men we call great. By some mysterious law the works of lesser men, though they may be full of interest and valuable to many, do not possess it; they bear the impress of a note which is not universal, but individual, particular, personal, a note which tells us the country, the age, the period, to which they belong, and that they could belong to no other. The great men belong not to their country, but to the world, not to their age, for they see and think beyond it, but to the

ages; they reveal not a life, but life. If they speak of their own, it is with compelling dignity, as when Milton speaks of his blindness, or under a veil, as when Schubert-if the conjecture is right-lays bare his heart in 'Der Leiermann,' or in that bitterest of human cries made musical 'Wein', wein' auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.' Great art is universal because it is impersonal. It is true that all creative artists see life perforce through their own experience and knowledge of it and that in a sense their personality is reflected in their works, but it is the smaller men who use their art as a field for the expression of their own personalities. The result is art which is self-conscious; and here, as in life, self-consciousness fosters exaggerated sensibility and a limited outlook. Herein lies the weakness of the Romantic movement in Germany, of which in music Schumann made himself the mouthpiece. Beautiful and precious as the best of his work is, much of it is stamped too clearly with the seal of that movement and the period which produced it. In expressing it he expressed himself. Who is not glad that he did so? But he remains, uniquely gifted as he was, among the personal composers. Mendelssohn was another, and Jensen and Franz, all with their idiosyncracies of style, lapsing in the end into mannerisms and weakness.

Schubert, on the other hand, has the strength of the great men whose art is impersonal—the art of which we never think as brilliant or clever or original, but as inevitable. Unlike Schumann or Wolf, who chose for their songs the poets, with whom they felt themselves in special sympathy, he was ready to set any poems that came to his hand. The last thing he thought of was to reveal himself. We know so much about him through his biography that we look perhaps with too great eagerness to find him in his songs, and estimate the sadness of his life by the gloom of 'Die Winterreise.' Yet we do injustice to his dramatic instincts and the power of his imagination if we doubt that he could have composed this, his finest work, whatever the circumstances of his life had been. As far as I know, no one has inferred from the fact that he wrote the words that Wilhelm Müller was a most unhappy man. Let us be consistent, at any rate, and infer from Schubert's merry and cheerful songs, of which there are plenty, that his life was full of joy.

The point I wish to emphasise is a simple one. Schubert in creating the Lied created a new thing and impressed upon it something which, in all the changes it has undergone, it has never lost, something which we do not find elsewhere. He did for German music what nothing else could have done; he brought it into every home in which music is honoured, not in Germany only, but almost throughout the world. Schubert's name has become a household word. The home rather than the concert hall is the right place for his songs;

they do not need to be performed, but sung; it is the amateur, the lover of music, who should sing them most.

My piece of advice is only this, and it is addressed to the young. Music is not understood through books, or articles, or lectures, only by hearing and, however feebly, playing, singing, making it oneself. For those who want to know Schubert's songs, there are plenty which even the feeblest fingers and voices can do something withand do it best in private and alone- 'Rosamunde,' 'Des Mädchens Klage,' the two 'Nachtlieds,' 'Gute Nacht,' 'Meeres-Stille,' 'Das Wirthshaus,' 'An die Musik,' 'Am Grabe Anselmos,' to name a few at random, scarcely more difficult to play than hymn tunes. Here at any rate, for the duffer, a start can be made. Let him make it and see where it leads. There is no more exciting voyage of discovery than that which takes him to the treasures of this enchanted land. If he has the true spirit of adventure, his search will be spoiled for him if he is told beforehand what and where they are. What he finds may cost him time and trouble, but it will acquire thereby a greater value, and abide in his heart, experto crede, a cherished and lasting possession.

WALTER FORD.

THE QUESTION OF TASTE

Modern psychologists pay great attention to early influences in childhood as the sources of most of, if not all, our tendencies in adult years. A background is made for us and we show ourselves consciously or unconsciously always upon that background and we are perhaps, as a design, only explicable by that background which is no longer visible to most people. There must be consideration given to this in comparing one man's work with another's. And in the life of Schubert his background matters a good deal, his poverty, not so much because it made him hungry and ill-clothed, as because it made him spend his life without the influences of 'taste.' What a queer picture is summoned to our eyes in the words, 'a man of taste': it seems to imply from the very start that the man is not a producer of art-a person who 'knows about art,' not the person who 'knows art.' Sometimes we find him described as a man whose 'taste had been formed ' on such and such principles or models, but in no case does he appear to us as the quite simple-minded man who pathetically and fallaciously says of himself that he 'knows what he likes.' This knowledge of what you like is confined, sarely, to the man of taste, who can refer the thing in question to some of the numerous canons of art which he carries with him everywhere. The man of taste, in fact, exercises perpetually, and to a high degree, the power of selection. Nothing satisfies him easily, and his balance and rulers are constantly in demand to weigh and to measure, and to calculate whether this new thing or that new thing will fit into his scheme. Hence he is a conservative, not a pioneer. One may also presume that he lives in an atmosphere of 'taste,' that his friends and his society share this general faculty of selection.

Now Schubert never seemed to learn this lesson of selection. He instantly liked far too many things: when he got hold of poetry he set it all to music, without staying to value its degrees. In his compositions there is no 'selective' quality, and it was this that Beethoven saw in them—a profusion of ideas, original and commonplace, not arranged in a disorderly method, but without artistic selection. And in this very fact seems to lie the essence of Schubert's strength, that when he does make a hit it is with superb unself-

consciousness. He is the last man who knows that he has written a master-song.

Professor Dent has pointed out lately in The Dominant that Schubert heard a great deal of what we should call bad music, or at any rate indifferent music, namely, the ordinary and mediocre church music of his day, and military band music. But he was, according to our thesis, so thoroughly unselective that when he heard Beethoven and Mozart they made an equal impression upon him; so that, although he never repeated their phrases, he was never quite the same man again. A something born of those sounds had passed into his being and he could not forget it. We are too highly sensitive nowadays about music being 'reminiscent' of other music, and composers would destroy works because they contain unconscious reminiscences of other people's music. Schubert never stopped to think about that: the tune was in his head, no matter where it came from, and down it went as fast as he could write it.

His methods of song-writing could not conceivably be compared with those of Brahms or Schumann. Schumann was a man of educated literary taste, himself something of a man of letters, and Brahms of a temperament that fed on his own musical thoughts and required less outside stimulus. Nor can he be compared with Hugo Wolf, of whom it is said that he would not set a poem if he thought it had already been adequately set—implying the very highest degree of selective taste. I do not mean that words meant nothing to Schubert: on the contrary, I think they inspired him in a very direct manner. But he was equally sensitive to inferior sentiment and to poems of genius, and naturally the former bulk larger than the latter. Owing to Schubert's absence of taste the music he provides to different kinds of words is often perplexingly the same, the long narrative ballad style finding its way into a short lyric.

An anthology that would represent Schubert's different styles would not be an anthology which would suit our taste, because we should have to include in it, as specimens, some of the many long songs, such as 'Viola,' 'Der Taucher,' and the songs from Ossian, and they would perhaps crowd out the finer works of medium length, for the short lyrics would always find room.

One last point. Schubert remembered other people's music, or rather was influenced profoundly by it: some we can trace, most of it we can only surmise. But it does seem difficult to say why 'Die Götter Griechenlands' should remind one of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony (the trio) or why 'Grenzen der Menscheit' should have a phrase that seems to come straight out of the last movement of the Choral Symphony, for Schubert could not have heard those works at

that time. It is less odd that 'Florio' should seem to repeat a quartet in 'Figaro' or that parts of 'Der Hirt auf dem Felsen' should seem like the stock-in-trade of Italian opera. But what is most odd is that there is so little repetition of Schubert in Schubert, Although his methods were unique, as unique in their way as Beethoven's in his, yet one would expect to find in 600 songs a considerable quantity of identical melody or at least of strongly reminiscent melody. Yet the only one that I can quote off-hand is 'An die Nachtigall (Er liegt und schläft)' to be compared with 'An die Geliebte.'

And when all is said or done, when Schubert is weighed in our balances and measured by our rules, whatever of him survives our tests moves us with an increasing power, because of its astonishing, unworldly simplicity. He can say things that in another's mouth would make us uncomfortable and blush, while when he says them we want to cry.

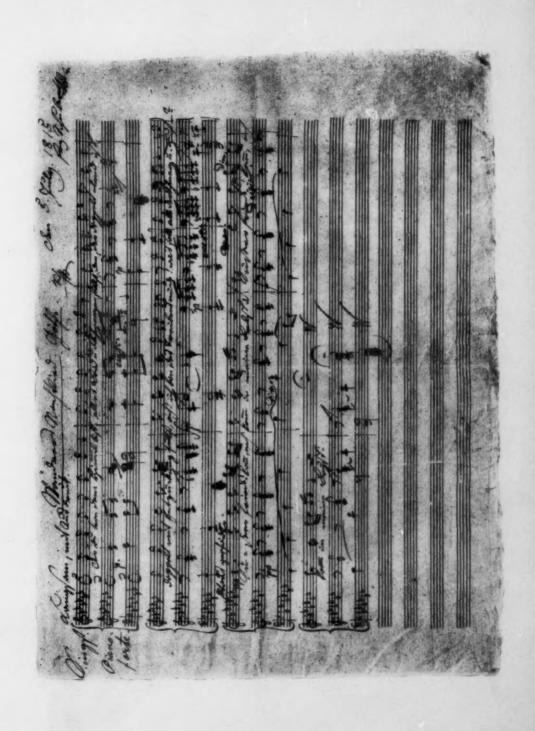
STEUART WILSON.

NOTE ON AUTOGRAPHS, BRITISH MUSEUM

On the opposite page is a facsimile of the autograph manuscript of Schubert's 'Wanderers Nachtlied' (op. 4, No. 3). The MS. formerly formed part of the collection of musical autographs which was made by the late Mr. Ernst Perabo, of Boston, U.S.A., and was given by him, in 1904, to his friend and pupil, Mr. E. P. Warren, of Lewes, with right to dispose of them as he should wish. Through the generosity of the latter, the whole collection recently became the property of the British nation and is now in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 41628-41635). Other autograph manuscripts of Schubert included in the gift are (a) 'Der Fischer' (op. 5, No. 3), which is written on the opposite side of the leaf reproduced; (b) three Italian songs (op. 83); (c) the Mass in Bp, in full score (op. 141), and (d) the last two leaves of 'Die Sehnsucht' (op. 39). It may be recalled that Mr. Ernst Perabo himself presented to the British Museum, in 1902, the autograph MS. of Schubert's pianoforte sonata in G (the Fantasia, op. 78).

Autograph manuscripts of other composers included in the gift will be noted in the coming issue of the British Museum Quarterly.

B. SCHOFIELD.



MYSTICAL SONGS

It is a pleasure to the Schubert-loving reader of M. Camille Mauclair's recently issued book, La religion de la musique, to find the adjectives ' pensif et profond ' set down as specially applicable to him; they are qualities with which he is by no means always credited in anything like adequate measure, and indeed-such are the imitative habits of many performers-it may very well happen that the Schubert-lover who depends on concert-going for his knowledge of Schubert's music may, at any rate in England, pass a very long time without opportunities of acquaintance with more than a few specimens of a few of the many sides of his musical nature. It is to a side not, generally speaking, among the most familiar, though very interesting and significant, that some attention is here directed: to a department of the songs which, for want of a better word, I venture to call mystical. And by this word I mean something more extended than the specific mysticism with which in England we have been recently familiarised musically by Vaughan Williams's associations with George Herbert and the Apocalypse, or Holst's with ancient rituals, eastern or western; I mean (to quote Morley's fine phrase) that 'feeling for the incommensurable things' that is at the root of not only these but many other spiritual experiences. Not all, however: the word may be fairly limited to such experiences as have wider than personal implications; it is as individuals reacting to a greater-thanindividual whole that we can be mystics. Schubert can be supremely ' pensif et profond ' in many diverse ways: in the love passion of 'Gretchen am Spinnrade' or 'Du liebst mich nicht' or the first of the 'Suleika' songs, in the dramatic passion (narrative or not) of ' Der Zwerg' or ' Der Atlas,' in the nature-imaginativeness of 'Waldesnacht,' in the 'emotion remembered in tranquillity 'of 'Vor meiner Wiege,' and in many other ways besides; but with these there is no present concern. Nor indeed with a good many of what may be called 'religious' songs; there is no fleck of mysticism, for example, in the 'Ave Maria,' nor in many another song-poem of equally conventional thought and of phraseology much below Scott's powers. Nor do musically greater songs than this, such as 'Der Tod und das Mädchen ' or ' Die Allmacht ' or ' An den Tod ' or 'Das Zügenglöcklein,' or not a few others that deal in a high spirit with ultimate things, quite come under the definition of mysticism suggested; they lack the requisite degree of impersonality.

Though there are not a few passages in Schubert's instrumental music which may not improperly be regarded as analogous in mood, it is in the songs the words, of course, that must give the cue; and we must not, if we are to be fair to Schubert, ask too much of his poets. The man with mystical ideas in his mind cannot always find adequate expression for them; the one poem in which Schubert himself tried to express that side of his nature is, as literature, a slight enough thing, though better than the only other that he seems to have written. Nor need we trouble about songs, whatever the value of their words, which do not adequately express Schubert himself (and in the never-ceasing torrent of his output there is undeniably much that we can without regret allow to pass us by); it is Schubert's mysticism, not Goethe's nor still less Mayrhofer's or Craigher's, in which as musicians we are interested. There are indeed a few songs, dating from towards the end of Schubert's life, when his powers were in not a few directions maturing hand over hand, in which he seems, so to speak, to be setting mysticism that is not in the poem; 'Am Meer ' and ' Die Stadt ' are, as specimens of Heine's genius, somewhat commonplace both in substance and in expression, but Schubert has turned them into two of his most miraculous songs by touches, such as the opening and closing bars of the former, and the one steadily persistent vague harmony of the latter,* which transcend the words or at any rate read between their lines to the extent of spiritual transformation.

Goethe is far and away the greatest poet with whose mysticism Schubert allied himself; and the great setting of 'Grenzen der Menschheit' may fitly stand at the head of the mystical songs. One thing I have always a little regretted: why should

Nirgends haften dann die unsichern Sohlen, Und mit ihm spielen Wolken und Winde.

be said twice over to identically the same music, and with no commensurate gain in structural balance? But however this may be, the song is surely Schubert in his largest mood. In earlier years—compare for example the less mature but still very noble 'Prometheus'—he might have been tempted to emphasise the points of the poem by declamatory recitative; but far more powerful is the welding of voice and accompaniment into one relentless march, with just enough emphasis on weak beats to prevent rhythmical monotony, just enough recurrence of musical material to secure unity

[&]quot;Is not, by the by, the effect of the amazing close of 'Die Stadt' best secured, on a modern piano, by a 'silent touch' single C an octave below and instead of the written last note, with the pedal released on the beat?

of form, and just enough melodic change to give subtlety to the repetitions that round off the first and last sections—repetitions that, apart from one touch, are harmonic as well as verbal. The voice sinks to E at the end, and though I am normally not at all a fanatic about transposition, this is one of the cases (the end of 'Der Tod und das Mädchen' is another) where the heavier vocal colour and the adoption of the lower notes of the octave passages seem indispensable for the emotional effect.

Three years later is the setting of the 'Wanderers Nachtlied' (' Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh')*: hardly less powerful in its simplicity and calm. Schubert's word-repetitions, which here seem harmless enough (and are, indeed, given the whole outline of the setting, structurally indispensable) become-at any rate to some whole-hearted Schubertians-a considerable stumbling-block in the setting of 'Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass'; the tremendous little poem is nobly felt and nobly expressed, but the framework fits very badly indeed. The song dates, however, from his nineteenth year: would be, twelve years later, have been so careless? He was not, indeed, by any means invariably so careless at the time: 'An Schwager Kronos' and ' Ganymed,' two more Goethe poems that in their very different ways may still be called mystical, were set nearly contemporaneously, and even if the spaciously serene ethereal 'Ganymed' may not be quite convincing in its key-system, at any rate the word-repetitions are few and structurally finely balanced, while in the dashing onset (but still majestic, 'nicht zu schnell') of 'An Schwager Kronos' the poem is, to all intents and purposes, carried through in one superb straight line.

Let us now turn to what I have always felt to be one of Schubert's greatest songs—though, so far as I know, curiously seldom sung—the setting of Mayrhofer's 'Auflösung.' Mayrhofer aimed high, but he had a confused sort of mind, and 'Auflösung' is not a good poem; but it served to start Schubert on a flight of strangely impersonal and, so to speak, disembodied ecstacy which resulted in a song of a type altogether of its own. There are many technical parallels in his songs to this continual but never monotonous employment of a particular figure of accompaniment,† but hardly any other has this amazing economy of harmony, and nowhere else are we given this rapture of the dissolution of all solid things. The last dozen bars, all on the

[&]quot;The other 'Wanderers Nachtlied' ('Der du von dem Himmel bist'), set by Schubert nine years earlier, and much less worthy both of him and of Goethe, does not seem a 'mystical' song as here defined.

^{*}This is, of course, a commonplace of Schubertian criticism; but I may perhaps venture to quote a more or less unfamiliar quintet of other illustrations, of several different types, that seem to me notably fine in rhythmical effect, whether reiterated or melodically curving:—'Schusucht' ('Die Scheibe friert'), 'Delphine,' 'Auf der Bruck,' 'Versunken,' 'Der liebliche Stern' (of course altering the obvious slip in bar 66).

eternal G major chord, with the voice murmuring (with its strange E flat) 'Geh' unter, Welt, geh' unter!', are surely as great an inspiration as any song-composer has ever had.* Very often, though Mayrhofer and Schubert collaborated, a good many of their other results do not musically come to much; but 'Memnon' and 'Heliopolis' ('Fels auf Felsen') seem to belong to the group of songs under discussion, and each in its different way ('Sehr langsam, schwärmerisch,' and 'Geschwind und Kräftig') is among the topmost songs. The dreamy beauty of 'Memnon' has its parallels elsewhere, though it is a specially fine example of its type: 'Heliopolis,' however, is, in its crashing sternness, as unique as 'Auflösung,' and no last bars to anything could well be more exultingly powerful than these. (N.B.—There is no ritardando; and no final pause.)

The settings of Craigher's 'Die junge Nonne' and 'Todtengräbers Heimweh' seem on the verge of the mystical group, in which they may perhaps be included, in spite of their lack of the predominant universality of mood that marks the others. In its big emotionalism, its powerful but always restrained drama, and its flawless unity of form, 'Die junge Nonne' has a very just fame as one of the greatest of Schubert's songst; and 'Todtengräbers Heimweh,' though so much less known, is not an unworthy companion. It is the same minorturning-to-major scheme, though there is more rhythmical divergence; there are similarly subtle accentual details in the accompaniment, similarly thrilling but never exaggerated harmonic touches ('Im Leben, da ist's ach! so schwill,' or 'Wer legt mich hinein?'-notice the one changed note on repetition-or the swing round from the A major chord as the final section begins). We can never indeed have too much of the Nun; but the Gravedigger-even though what he says is no better poetry—certainly deserves a place by her side.

Three of the 'Winterreisse' cycle—'Die Krähe,' 'Das Wirthshaus,' 'Der Wegweiser'—may also possibly be regarded as on the outskirts of the mystical group: all of them great songs, they are all happily very familiar. Not so is the setting of Klopstock's 'Dem Unendlichen,' a song of Schubert's eighteenth year; much less mature than he could very often then be, weakly constructed, and, in its recitative section, rather turgid, but none the less containing genuinely big moments. The twenty bars onwards from 'Tönt, all'

tShould not, by the by, the A in bar 48 be a G? There seems no reason for this inferior variant.

[&]quot;May I whisperingly confess that I always want to alter the bass E's of bar 60 to A's? The fact that in the previous bar Schubert has changed the previously 'double-bass' E's to the upper octave can, not unfairly, I think, be taken as a forecast of an intention to reach the cadential D by the normal and stronger down and up curves of the bass notes; and it would have been so easy for him accidentally to write the whole of bar 59 again. The song, moreover, is a posthumous publication.

ihr Sonnen,' where the harmonies pile themselves up in a very slow spiral to the majestically spacious final cadence, have always impressed me as, simple though they are in detail, one of the great inspirations of Schubert's younger days.*

Poor as is the poem, the setting of Lappe's 'Im Abendroth' is probably the finest example musically of Schubert's nature-mysticism—his Wordsworthian side, so to speak; nowhere else, in songs of this mood, does he rise to these Alpine heights of serene ecstacy. As in 'Auflösung,' the ecstacy involves great harmonic economy; but the details of the vocal and instrumental interweaving are extraordinarily subtle, and there can surely be nowhere a more expressive 'slow turn.' Is there, by the by, any other classical example of a diminuendo after a ppp?

Having begun with Goethe, we may end with him; songs are not necessarily only for solo voice and piano, and the setting of the 'Gesang der Geister über den Wassern' for four tenor and four bass parts with accompaniment for two violas, two violoncellos, and doublebass, cannot be left out when we are speaking of Schubert's mystical music. This lengthy piece (it takes twelve minutes in performance) is somewhat similar to 'Grenzen der Menschheit' in general mood. and quite its equal in musical impressiveness: apart from the 'Wind ist der Welle lieblicher Buhle 'section, the tone is indeed unrelievedly sombre, but there is a great deal of thematic and dynamic variety, and several modifications of tempo-though even in the stormily rolling semiquavers of 'Schäumt er unmuthig und stufenweise zum Abgrund ' the pace is only un poco puì mosso than the first and last Adagio molto, and when Schubert writes this or sehr langsam he never means the intensitive lightly. The effect of a finely rehearsed performance of this masterpiece should be stupendous: it should not be omitted from centenary celebrations.

ERNEST WALKER.

[&]quot;It is in essentials exactly the same scheme that, seventy years later, we find magnificently carried out, with much more harmonic poignancy and more personal emotionalism, in Wolf's 'Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh.'

THE WALTER SCOTT SONGS

THE two song-cycles Schubert wrote to Wilhelm Müller's words must, in spite of Beethoven's 'An die ferne Geliebte,' be held to be the first instances in which German song coalesced into a single composition. Alongside the 'Schöne Müllerin' and the 'Winterreise,' the model for Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' among others, the 'Schwanengesang,' that selection from Heine and Rellstab, as capricious in its arrangement as in its title, which was published posthumously by Haslinger, has also been a favourite. But besides these three famous cycles there are in Schubert others-casual series taken from whole works of single poets. Among these small cycles the seven songs from the Lady of the Lake and three others of Scott's, never heard as a whole in the concert room, deserve special consideration. Sir Walter Scott was a lawyer and an antiquarian. His literary activities began with the translation of Bürger's ' Leonore ' and Goethe's ' Götz von Berlichingen.' Next, he collected Scots folksongs, just as Thomson, whom we know from lives of Haydn and Beethoven, collected and published arrangements of their tunes. His original work began late. One of the earliest stories in verse of the feudal times of his race, full of fine descriptions of nature, is the Lady of the Lake, which appeared in 1810. This was a special favourite abroad. Rossini, another fashionable idol of those days, made use of it in his opera, 'La donna del lago,' 1819. Henrietta Sontag made its heroine very popular on the German stage, and Schwind, a friend of Schubert's, gave a charming vignette of it in a Viennese pianoforte edition, 1823. Scott's longer works, which appeared anonymously, were much read. In them is to be seen, in 1820, the true prototype of the historical novel; Ivanhoe especially, from which Schubert set one of those Romances that Scott loves to weave into his epic prose. These novels, moving always on a high ethical plane, exhibit behind a casual and unlaboured construction, a great range of invention, temperament, and characterisation; the lengthy descriptions were not found tiring in that age. Consequently both the stories in verse and these novels, including The Pirate and Montrose, were soon translated into German, as also were the later works, an edition of old English songs, 'Tales of a Grandfather' and the 'Life of Napoleon.' He died at 61 in 1832, reduced to poverty and beset with work. Schubert's songs became only gradually known in Great Britain, and it is certain that he never heard them.

The fashionable appeal of the novels of Scott is testified to by the fancy dress ball given in Vienna at Carnival time, 1826, by the Ambassador, Wellesley. Among the characters that are preserved in Stöber's sketches* are some from Ivanhoe, devised by Stubenrauch, wigmaker of the opera, and impersonated by the court and aristocracy.

In the spring and summer of 1825 Schubert wrote his 'Sieben Gesänge aus Walter Scotts Fräulein vom See,' part of them being finished on his last journey through Upper Austria and Salzburg. He received for them in the autumn from Artaria 200 florins (Konventions-münze). Artaria's, a new and independent firm, published Schubert's Op. 52 in the spring of 1826. Both publications are dedicated to Gräfin Sophie Weissenwolf; her country house was at Stevregg, near Linz, and Schubert and the opera-singer Vogl were staying there in the summer of 1825. For this work Schubert made use of Adam Storck's translation. Storck was a professor in Bremen, and the translation had been printed after his death. Schubert's letters from Linz and Stevr in 1825 mention the songs from The Lady of the Laket as having been the subject of 'common talk' in private houses, and as having 'made a reputation'especially the 'Hymn to Mary,' famous as 'Ave Maria.' About this he writes in detail to his parents :-

People are astonished at the religious feeling I have managed to get into the hymn to the Virgin Mary by which, it seems, every heart is moved and stirred to devotion. I think it comes from my never forcing devotional feeling. Unless it overwhelms me unbeknown to myself I never compose that sort of hymns and prayers, and so it usually is the true and real devotion.

He goes on :-

At Steyereck we went to stay with Gräfin Weissenwolf, a great worshipper of my Insignificance. She has all my things and sings many of them, too, quite prettily. The Walter Scott songs made such a favourable impression on her that I soon saw that the dedication of them would be anything but unpleasant to her. For this edition I am thinking of having a different arrangement from the usual one which tells you so little; it is to bear on its brow the celebrated name of Scott, and so awaken more curiosity and, when the English text is added, make me better known in England. If there were only an honest bargain to be driven with these hounds of music-publishers . . .! But the State, in its wisdom and beneficence, has seen to it that the artist shall forever be the slave of any miserable shopwalker.

^{*} A second edition of the German-French Album with English text appeared, London, 1828.

[†]Eduard v. Bauernfeld, a writer of farces and a friend of Schubert's, mentions a year later (July 23, 1826), in connection with Schubert's Lady of the Lake, the kindly Therese Clodi, a daughter of the chatelain of Ebenzweyer on the Traunsee near Gmunden.

And his brother Ferdinand answers :-

It is a pity your arrangement for this edition of the songs was not thought of long ago. I am especially delighted with your plan of letting the Walter Scott songs appear with English text. I can see you being taken up in England, and by your larger compositions, symphonies, oratorios, or even operas, winning your way to a foremost place among German composers, like Joseph's among his brethren.

Scott's poem is in iambic tetrameters with masculine rhymes throughout. The translator in his preface expressly draws attention to the fact that the feeling of the German language has prevented his keeping strictly to it, and that he has given the versification a freer form. The Viennese publisher, Pennauer, had in the summer of 1825 already asked Schubert if his Scott's songs were in the original metre so that it would be all right to underlay both texts. Pennauer expected (three years before Schubert's sudden end!) at least 'beginner's prices'; but since he had not reached them, the work was published by Artaria, with whom at any rate there was 'an honest bargain to be driven.' By them the English text was actually underlayed, except in the fifth song, 'Norman' (P. II. 99). The purpose was not achieved. Moreover, in the complications of the engraving, Schubert allowed the German text to become so obscure that, without his actual autograph, the rhythm of the melody could not be established with any ease, or even certainty.

In the autumn of 1825, some days before the contract with Artaria, Schubert had an interview with Nikolaus v. Craigher of Krain. The upshot of that was that this gifted dilettante was to ' provide songs from English, Spanish, French and Italian classics with German translations in the original metres which Schubert shall then set to music with the original text over them.' Craigher, three of whose songs Schubert had already set (including 'Die junge Nonne'), seems as a matter of fact to have translated the three other songs (from the novels), and they were published, without the English, as Opus 85 and 86 by Diabelli, but not till the spring of 1828. The ' Lied der Anne Lyle ' from Montrose and the ' Gesang der Norna ' from The Pirate were probably composed early in 1825 with Craigher's translation, as the first of the Scott's songs, since they are mentioned on March 1 of that year in Sophie Müller's diary, as new songs brought by Schubert and Vogl on their visit. The 'Romanze des Richard Löwenherz' from Ivanhoe, however, does not appear in Franz v. Hartmann's diary as 'quite new' till early in 1827, when Vogl sang it in a Schubert-evening at Josef. v. Spaun's.

Scotland was the exciting cause, both particular and general, of a good deal of music. Schubert had already made his bow to that

noble people in his songs from Ossian-Macpherson. Apart from the Ecossaises for fashionable ballrooms, Haydn, and to a less extent Beethoven, arranged numberless Scottish folksongs for the favourite combination of voice and pianoforte trio. Mendelssohn tried to embody the music of Fingal's cave, and wrote a Scottish symphony and a Scottish sonata. Berlioz wrote an overture to Waverley and Loewe Ballads. Schubert, again, in these songs from Walter Scott, had, as far as their descriptions of nature go, hit off with the poet's aid the mood of the Highland Loch Katrine, the scene of the Lady of the Lake, so well that Scots felt themselves thoroughly at home in them. Everyone knows how well he depicted the sea, which he never saw-as Schiller depicted the Alps. Thus genius threw a bridge from nation to nation at a time when travel was not so easy as now; and thus it is that this cycle brings its tribute to the Scottish race, and to their poet, highly gifted and too soon forgotten.

The Lady of the Lake consists of six cantos, each corresponding to one day of the action. From the first canto, 'The Chase,' come the two songs of Ellen. She, the daughter of Archibald Douglas, a Scots hero, is the Lady of the Lake. The Scottish king was James V, from whose second marriage came Mary Stuart, and whom Ariosto had celebrated in his Orlando Furioso under the name of 'Zerbino.' Ellen's first song greets the hero, in his repose, as a soldier, her second as a huntsman. The song is sonorous, but loose in expression; the repeated theme is a kind of cradle song, and two subsidiary themes are opposed to it, rondo-wise.

The second song (the 'Huntsman') is pithier in expression; the theme is taken from a hunting-call, and has a contrasting refrain. It, with several others of his revered predecessor, was arranged by Brahms for soprano solo with female trio, four horns and two bassoons. Schubert's symbolic horn thus became actual in his hands, and his work was distinguished by its reverence from that of others who followed Schubert.

The 'Boatsong' which follows comes from the second canto, 'The Island.' The warriors of Clan Alpine sing to the sound of the cars a triumph song in honour of their leader Roderick. The song slips from major to minor, and back, and by its descriptions of nature is kept throughout on the folksong level (volkstümlich). Schubert has set only the first stanza, and the others which Breitkopf has printed are better left unsung.

The trio which follows is called 'Coronach'; the left-hand tremolo suggests the muffled drum. This and the two following solos come from the third canto, 'The Gathering.' Norman's song is the farewell of a warrior called from a wedding to the field; the motive of

the song is sentiment, not, as in 'Coronach,' description of nature. Ellen's third song has become world-famous as 'Ave Maria.' Schubert called it also 'Hymn to the Blessed Virgin' and 'Hymn to Mary.' It is the last song that Ellen sings as Lady of the Lake, to the proud Roderick on his way to the field of battle, before she and the Graeme meet. This famous song was arranged by many, including Liszt, and among them by Schubert's gifted brother, Ferdinand, for church use, with Latin words, tenor solo, chorus and orchestra. The manuscript, dated New Year's Eve, 1842, has been found in the rich collection of St. Peter's in Vienna.

The last song of the cycle, 'Lied des gefangenen Jägers,' is again Roderick's; Ellen recognises him, and he takes her home as a daughter of the Douglas. Both in the voice and the piano there are hints of the chase which still floats before the prisoner's fancy.

Of the other three songs, the 'Lied der Anne Lyle' is from Montrose. Annot Lyle, the protégée of the second-sighted Allan MacAulay, and the queen of song and singers, is the very thing for Schubert. This is the guileless song of a girl who does not know that her heart is already given. She sings it to soothe the moody seer, and in it becomes gradually aware that she loves Menteith.

The 'Gesang der Norna' is from The Pirate, whose scene is laid in Orkney. She too has second sight, and is received everywhere on her wanderings with respect and awe. It is one of those curious songs which she sings as an incantation or with a hidden meaning, and which makes her people think her uncanny. Schubert's music is full of melancholy.

The 'Romanze des Richard Löwenherz,' which is well known to any Viennese from Erdberg or Dürenstein, and whose fate inspired Grétry with an opera, comes from Ivanhoe. Richard Cœur de Lion, the unknown black knight, on his way back from the Crusades helped his friend Ivanhoe in a tourney. To escape further notice he takes refuge with a hermit, to whom he sings the ballad of the homing crusader. Schubert's song is a characteristic romance, like many others to be found in his operas ('Rosamunde,' Zauberharfe,' etc.).

Schubert, who had been drawn by Schwind and his master, Ludwig v. Schnorr v. Carolsfeld, to the 'Nazarenes,' may well have been attracted by the medieval romance of Scott's novels. Anyone who is credulous may also believe that he inherited a drop of Scottish blood from his Silesian mother, since the family of Vietz, still widely scattered over Germany, derives its name from Fitz.

But more curious is another point of contact between Scott and Schubert which dates between the death of the one in 1828 and of the other in 1832. In a London annual called The Cadeau: A Christmas, New Year's Midsummer, or Birth-Day Present for 1831, published by Johanning and Whatmore, the first piece of Schubert appeared in England at the end of 1830—the 'Moment Musical' in F minor, op. 94, No. 3—under the title of 'Russian Air.' This is easily explained. The publishers of this op. 94, Sauer and Leidesdorf of Vienna, had, late in 1823, published this piece as 'Air Russe' (a fancy title), it having already appeared early in the year in a now very rare Album Musical, their New Year's present. Then, when all the numbers of this publication were complete, the reprint in London followed. (The second volume of the Viennese Album Musical, which Schwind adorned with etchings as 'Freischütz,' was to have been sold in England in the form of 200 special copies, but that was not allowed.)

Of the first number of the Cadeau, as well as the third and last, no copy was to be found. But by the kind help of Mr. C. B. Oldman the sequel for 1832 was found in the library of the Royal College of Music, and it is interesting both in this connection and as it concerns Schubert. The volume contains, as was to be expected from indications elsewhere, the second English impression of a work of Schubert's, the 'Erlking,' op. 1. The first number of the Harmonicon of 1892 announces that Frederick A. E. d'Alquen (1810-87) has underlayed Schubert's music with Sir Walter Scott's translation, and adds-' We confess our preference for Taylor's translation as well as our prejudice in favour of Callcott's mode of treating the words, though there is much to approve in the present composition.' John Wall Callcott (1766-1821) had set Goethe's ballad in 1798, that ballad which, according to Wilhelm Tappert's list, had attracted nearly a hundred composers. The Cadeau printed German and English text, and placed Scott's name by the side of Schubert's; so it is possible that through this magazine Sir Walter heard of the Viennese who died in youth, and who was destined posthumously to equal and to outlive him in fame.

OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH, trans. A. H. F. S.

CATEGORIES

THINKING about Schubert makes one conscious of the futility of the common categories. It is the fashion now to divide all music into three parts, like Cæsar's Gaul, with the words 'classical,' 'romantic' and 'modern.' Nobody seems to be quite sure where the classical era begins, but it is generally supposed to end at about 1800, or somewhere midway in Beethoven's career. When Dannreuther wrote his volume of the Oxford History of Music, it seemed to have been determined by him and by the general editor of the series that the romantic movement came to an end somewhere midway in Wagner's career, that Wagner himself had outgrown it, and that Brahms stood outside it.

That line of demarcation has been found to be imaginary, and the present-day use of the three categories more frequently includes all nineteenth century music in the middle one. Anyone who attends the annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music will find its members ardently discussing how far the works produced have succeeded in escaping from the baneful influence of romance. The music of our contemporaries is 'modern' in so far as it has outgrown what is recognised as the predominant point of view of the last century, a point of view which, despite all the acute differences of a generation ago, enveloped alike Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, César Franck and Tchaikovsky, which some of the older composers still living, notably Richard Strauss, Edward Elgar and Frederick Delius, are evidently involved. 'Yes, I love Brahms, but I fear him,' was the remark of one of the most historically minded adherents of Schönberg's school of thought. To him, living in Vienna, Brahms represented a retrogressive influence most likely to deter artists and listeners from following the stony path of modernism.

The line of demarcation between the two later categories may not be yet well defined, but we ought to see clearly that between the two earlier ones if, indeed, there is anything in drawing one at all. Weber in German music and Berlioz in French are recognisable as the two sources from which the musical currents parallel to the literary ones representative of the romantic movements of Germany and France began to flow early in the last century.

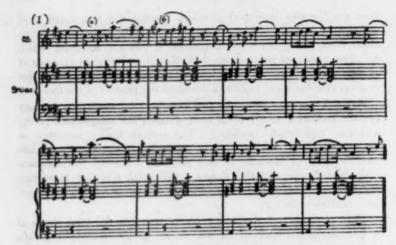
But is Schubert to be counted a romantic? His songs encourage the affirmative answer, but if we look at him in his purely musical quality we may not be so sure about it. Had he lived at any other time than the turn of the century he would not have had at disposal two tools of his art which made his six hundred songs possible. These were the German lyric poetry, which marked the first stirrings of the romantic current in German literature, and the pianoforte. Given these tools and given that exuberance of musical invention which Schubert possessed in common with Mozart and Purcell (neither of whom had these tools to work with) the songs were inevitable. But in what else but these tools was Schubert the product of his time?

Walter Pater says that 'for one born in 1803 much was recently become incredible that had at least warmed the imagination of the sceptical eighteenth century.' The remark begins an essay on Prosper Merimée and leads to an examination of what Pater calls 'the formula of Merimée'—'his scholarly curiosity, his imagination, the very eye, with the, to him so delightful, relieving, reassuring spectacle, of those straightforward forces in human nature, which are also matters of fact.'

This 'formula' of Merimée might be stated in the same words as a formula of the modern outlook on art in its struggle to escape from romanticism and, indeed, Pater's opening sentence might be used of the rising post-war generation to-day by a mere shifting of date. But taking it as it stands and recalling that Victor Hugo was born in 1802 and Hector Berlioz in 1803 it may be said that this stripping of the wrappings of the mind was a process, then, as now, which was bound to lead to new ways of dealing with the artistic impulses of mankind. In the earlier age it led mainly to what we now regard as the romantic movement both in literature and music. The artist having cast off one set of wrapping enveloped himself in another. The musician, dissatisfied with design as the end of his art, fastened on meaning and the translation of his meaning into terms of other arts.

Schubert was born five years before Hugo and six before Berlioz, but did he strip off any of the mind's garments; was anything incredible to him which had warmed the imagination of Mozart's generation? There is all the difference between the keen-edged mental atmosphere of revolutionary Paris and the leisurely traditionalism of imperial Vienna to be taken into account, but when that allowance has been made, Schubert's still seems a nature of singularly easy acceptances.

At about the time of those first songs which showed his distinctive genius he was also writing symphonies for orchestra. His third in D was composed in the summer of 1815, by which time he had had the opportunity to become conversant with all the work of Beethoven except its last phase; at that time Mozart, we are told, was his ideal. The second subject of its first movement is disillusioning, but it is by no means an isolated example of Schubert's contentment with the commonplace. Those who rhapsodize over Schubert's eternal fund of melody are apt to forget that it was often a matter of chance whether a melody turned out well or ill.



This is one of his failures, but the point for us is the kind of failure. The early romanticists often accepted à bad tune because they were so hot in pursuit of an idea that the actual terms of its expression seemed of slight importance. Berlioz's idée fixe in the Symphonic Fantastique is an obvious case in point. But Schubert's badness here is the badness of classical design followed blindly. The two figures (a) and (b) are derived from his first subject,



with which, in fact, he does some engaging things, while the figures remain supple. It is the congealing of them into a tune of two-bar phrases (a thing which both Mozart and Haydn did inimitably when they approached their second subjects) which is Schubert's undoing.

Schubert's tunes are normally controlled by this primitive sense of balance; it was of the essence of the classical style and was among the first things which the musical romanticists stripped from their minds as 'incredible,' Sometimes it played a part in shaping his loveliest creations. The little symphony in B flat (No. 5) is compact with gems of this kind.



Here the real spontaneity of Schubert is unmistakable, but it is not the spontaneity of the romantic impulse but of an instinctive movement within a simple classical pattern.

The importance of that symphony in Schubert's career has been underrated. Its predecessor (No. 4 in C minor) has attracted more attention because some signs of a more emotional intention have secured it the rather too high-sounding title of 'Tragic,' and those who were looking to Schubert to become a second Beethoven saw in it a step in Beethoven's direction, a step, that is, towards the paramount importance of meaning. That immediately after writing the 'Tragic' he should throw off a little work for the Mozartean orchestra (one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns and strings), in which beauty of design was the be-all and end-all of expression, is highly significant of the anti-romantic side of his nature. Moreover, that that little work should be full of just those resources of expression which we think of as most characteristic of the mature Schubert, the Schubert of the trio in B flat, the quintet in C and the two last symphonies, makes it more significant still. It shows the continuity of his progress in the symphonic art.

Who but Schubert could approach a cadence in F major like this?



Or break away from a placid melody in E flat with



In these, as in innumerable places throughout this little symphony,

we get glimpses of that quality which, next to the spontaneous shapeliness of his tunes, most endears Schubert to successive generations. It is his capacity for making a magic out of a simple modulation. If we analyse it we find nothing. What is there in passing from E flat to C flat after a slight taking of breath, or in wavering (as the second subject of the string quintet in C does) between the keys of E flat, C and G? In a very few years the romanticists were to ramp through all the keys of the gamut, and now we have polychromaticism and polytonalities elaborated with polytomfooleries of every kind. But the magic of these things in Schubert lies in their coincidence with a plan of rhythmic melody. They make the old formula of the sonata form credible again, by showing it to be a living and a growing organism in his hands. The basic processes of that form could still warm his imagination.

Such passages, crowned as they are with the second subject of the slow movement of the Unfinished and the introduction to the great C major symphony, are the very things most often pointed to as evidence of Schubert's romantic turn of mind, and if a warmth of imagination is all that is meant by the second of the three categories Schubert may be placed in it. If, however, we regard the romantic movement of a century ago as the revolt of artists from an established order, as the search of dissatisfied souls for sources of musical inspiration outside purely musical means, as the child of a union between music and literature, then no composer was more completely oblivious of it than Schubert.

H. C. COLLES.

TONALITY

Tonality, or the harmonic perspective of music, is a subject which most writers avoid. It is not a thing which can be discussed in non-musical terms; and in calling it a perspective I have exhausted my stock of such metaphors as can bring it within the cognisance of persons of general culture. For we all know that in England a person of general culture is a person who knows nothing about music and cannot abide musical jargon.

The readers of Music and Letters, however, may be supposed to add musical culture to their general culture. And their impatience of musical jargon will be aroused only by the sort of terminology that substitutes professional routine for first-hand artistic experience. They may even bear with a little codification of elementary principles, if thereby we can better observe so wonderful an artistic resource as Schubert's tonality.

It is high time that the facts of classical tonality were properly tabulated. We cannot go into the ultimate foundations here, but will begin, as with granted facts, by enumerating the key-centres from a major tonic; premising that in the classical harmony which comprises Handel's and Schubert's æsthetics the key of a piece is like the point of view, or the vanishing point, of a picture. Mark Twain once defended a badly-drawn 'study 'by saying that the tower was drawn from below but the man on the top of it was drawn from the roof: and in the same way many unorthodox harmonic progressions are conflicts of key-perspective. Here, then, are the key-centres of a major tonic, taken as C major. To make the scheme applicable to all major keys we have only to name the degrees of the scale. These functional names explain themselves and are easy to remember. The only ones requiring comment are the subdominant and the submediant. supertonic is the note, or chord, above the tonic; but the subdominant. should be thought of not as the note below the dominant, but as an anti-dominant having the opposite effect to the dominant, and lying a fifth below the tonic as the dominant lies a fifth above. meaning of the term submediant then becomes clear, it is a third between tonic and subdominant, as the mediant is a third between tonic and dominant. Now represent these degrees by Roman numerals and you will have the advantage of being able to distinguish major chords (and keys) by capitals and minor by small figures.



There is no common chord on the 7th degree. The basis of key-relation is that two keys are related when the tonic chord of one is among the common chords of another. A cardinal rule in key-relation is that no third tonic is involved. I am not dealing with the means of modulation, but with the basis of key-relations, however reached. Example 1 shows that to C major all the five keys—D minor (ii), E minor (iii), F, major (IV), G major (V) and A minor (vi)—are equally related. The so-called 'relative minor' A (vi) is no more closely related than the others, and D minor and E minor owe nothing to the fact that they are the relative minors of the subdominant and dominant respectively.

If the tonic is minor its relations cannot be found by putting common chords on its scale, for the minor scale is unstable. The dominant chord must be major, or there would be no leading note for full closes; but the dominant key must be minor or it will either be no key at all, a mere dominant chord, or too remote for direct relation. Any doubt on this point can be settled by trying to answer a minor fugue subject in the dominant major!



And if the dominant is minor so is its antipodal converse, the subdominant. The pathos of modulation from a minor tonic to its subdominant comes from the tragic irony of the change of the tonic chord to major, not in its own right but as dominant chord of a darker minor key.

The other relations of a minor tonic are the converse of its own relation to a major key. Below Example 1 the names of the relations of A minor are given.

In apology for this apparently elementary exposition, and for more words on the same plane, I must plead that it is, so far as I know, new. I am not a great reader of text-books, and I know that they have enormously improved since 1890; but the horrid little questions in modulation which still turn up in musical examinations would seem to indicate that the teaching of tonality hovers between pious malobservation and perky progressiveness in much the same way as it did forty years ago. It is quite impossible to take either the simpler or the more advanced factors in Schubert's tonality for granted in

this article, or no two readers will form the same idea of my meaning. So please bear with me while I continue to explain everything as we proceed.

In referring to 'a darker minor key 'I am not describing subjective Keys in themselves are major or minor, and their other differences vary according to the techniques of instruments and not at all on voices except in pitch. That is to say, there is no difference between a song in C and the same song transposed to F sharp, except that in F sharp it will suit a totally different voice. and the colour of its accompaniment will be much lighter if the transposition is upwards and probably impossibly darker if it is downwards. (When Henschel sings 'Das Wandern' he puts the voice-part a major 3rd down and the pianoforte part a minor 6th up.) But there is no reason why one piece in C should not have exactly the same character as another in F sharp. Notions about the characters of keys in themselves are entirely subjective, and no agreement about them is to be expected, though doubtless their psychological statistics might be as interesting as those of 'number-forms.' But I doubt this: there happens to be another basis for these ideas of key-colour, which rather knocks the bottom out of their psychological interest.

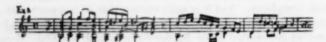
What is not subjective at all is the effect of one key as approached from another. And as nobody can know the names of keys without knowing their distance from C there is a strong probability that subjective ideas of key-character will be a tangle of associations with C major overlaid by recollections of the first piece that made an impression and was remembered by its key. In my own case, for instance, E flat minor, which is difficult to connect with C, has the character of Bach's E flat minor prelude, overlaid by the sense of its extreme remoteness from C and the darkness of a modulation from C to it. On the other hand, E flat major, which is a warm dark key in relation to C, has for me overwhelmingly the character of the Eroica Symphony. And it is quite certain that no composer with any pretensions to mastery ever allowed merely subjective ideas of key to get in his way. When Beethoven arranged his little E major sonata op. 14, No. 1, as a string-quartet, he transposed it to F without any scruples as to change of character. Yet he had picturesque ideas about keys. B minor was 'black,' and A flat, very unlike his numerous gentle movements in that key, was 'barbarous.'

Now let us consider the functions of the key-relations exhibited in Example 1. First comes the dominant. As that chord is penultimate in every normal full close, it follows that the natural way to establish a new key is to get on to its dominant chord and stay there long enough to rouse the expectation of a close into the new tonic. Hence the dominant chord is the centre of activity and forward movement in

tonality. Moreover, if we alight on any major triad and harp on it there will arise a strong suspicion that it is a dominant chord and not a tonic. One of the most important distinctions in all music, though I have not encountered it in books, is that between on the dominant and in the dominant. Bülow understood it thoroughly; but many later and plausible writers are hopelessly at fault about it. Mozart plays upon the distinction with a power and brilliance that has never since been equalled; for a wider range of key is like a faster rate of travel, and lets you see less of the country.

The subdominant or anti-dominant, used as a penultimate chord in the solemn ecclesiastical plagal cadence, is opposite to the dominant in function and effect. Make your first extended modulation to the subdominant, and you deprive your movement of all forward energy and indicate at once that your intention is lyrical and reposeful. The cheeky and voluminous finale of Schubert's early 'Forellen' quintet contradicts this; but it is evidence only of its own effrontery.

It is not to the present purpose to describe those phenomenon of tonality which are common to Schubert and all classical composers; so I will say no more at present as to his treatment of the dominant and subdominant, but will proceed to illustrate other key-relations. The reader must, however, beware of receiving from the sum of my illustrations the idea that they represent the prevalent tonal colour of Schubert. If that were so they would be mannerisms, not marvels. They do not even represent the greatest marvels, but only such points as I have room to illustrate within any reasonable length. When we start from a major tonic, and take the dominant and subdominant as read, the other three related keys are minor, and are not markedly different from each other when used on a small scale. The supertonic is easily reached; Mozart slides in and out of it as in the stride of a regular melody,



and it is a favourite gambit in later openings, such as the allegro of Beethoven's first symphony and, more melodiously and grandly, his C major quintet, and, most grandly of all, in Schubert's C major quintet.*

Now arises the question: When is a modulation not a modulation? Clearly 'key' and 'chord' are relative terms. You cannot assert a key without giving its dominant chord; and in the second bar of Example 3 the G sharp does give the leading note and represents the

^{*} In the finale of his last sonata he makes his theme persistently start in the supertonic, as Beethoven did in his quartet, op. 130.

dominant chord of A minor. But the passage could have done without this; and only the chromatically gliding D sharp in the melody, which no sane person will take for a modulation to E, forces upon us the underlining of A minor as a key instead of as a plain supertonic chord. But for this underlining the previous chromatic D sharp must have borne some independent weight, whereas it now means scarcely more than the merely chromatic A sharp. Here, then, are the possibilities for many subtle masterstrokes in the draughtsmanship of harmony.

Let us see how Schubert takes advantage of them. Here is an outline of the trio of the scherzo of the great C major symphony:—





The key is A major, which we will take as a thing in itself, ignoring its relation to the scherzo, which is in C. The harmony moves slowly, taking 16 of these short bars to cover the three cardinal chords of the key. In the next 20 bars the chord of the submediant almost becomes a key, but the diminished 7th in bar 25 impinges on to the dominant, and shows that we have not yet moved. But in bar 29 another diminished 7th on the same bass, and with a difference of intonation too delicate for the pianoforte to show, turns out to be quite a different chord and takes us into the key of the mediant. Is this key going to be established? Not yet; bars 37-40 oscillate between the original tonic chord and this mediant chord, and are repeated with an ornament in bars 41-44. On your life do not play D sharp in bar 43! The whole point is that we are not in C sharp minor until bar 45 takes us there.

The second part swings lustily back to the dominant chord of our tonic and stays there for 16 bars. The second eight of these 16 bars repeat this in the minor mode, and another eight lead to 16 bars in C major, which is in no direct relation to A major at all, but only to A minor. Then another eight bars lead deliberately back to the dominant of A and so to a repetition of the first phrase of 16 bars. Its counter-statement now underlines the chord of the submediant by using it as a step towards the subdominant. This would not itself amount to more than local colour but for the fact that bars 121-128, still in the stride of the melody, suddenly rise a semitone into the key of the flat supertonic, a relation, which, like that of C major above, is outside the scheme covered by Example 1. It takes another

eight bars to restore the tonic. The chromatic bass of bars 129-38 contains the only quick-moving harmonies in the whole gorgeous colour-scheme of this trio, which ends quietly with a recapitulation, in the tonic, of bars 37-48. Yes, that is what it sounds like, but the harmonies are turned round, the tonic chord being where the other chord was. On a small scale this is typical of Schubert's mature recapitulations; he knows exactly how far the true balance is to be obtained by plain recapitulation and how far the harmonies must be recast.

For reasons that will appear later, the supertonic is not a key that makes a good contrast for a section. Its converse, the flat 7th from a minor tonic, is rather vague even in local modulations; it suggests that it is not a real key but only the dominant of the more familiar so-called 'relative major.' If the composer succeeds in contradicting this construction the effect, on a small scale, suggests the Dorian mode of the sixteenth century, and on a larger scale it exactly fits Gretchen's 'ich finde sie nimmer und nimmer mehr.' Nothing is more astonishing in all Schubert's development than his achieving, quietly and simply, at the age of sixteen, exactly the right modulation at the beginning of 'Gretchen am Spinnrade.' The 4½ bars in C may, till the last moment, turn out to be a dominant of F, but the harmony swings back inexorably and drily to D minor.



F major does not appear till Gretchen is thinking of 'Sein hoher Ganz, sein' edle Gestalt,' in the calm before the crisis. The other modulations in this marvellous and perfect composition carry us beyond the range of Example 1, and it will be convenient first to explain how that range is extended on classical lines.

First, we must not cease to give a definite meaning to the term key-relation. There are no forbidden modulations; but there are modulations which cannot be made to mean the same thing as a key-relation however much we may advance in our understanding of that almost theological dogma, 'the unity of the chromatic scale.' The advance of mathematics beyond simple arithmetic can find a use for the square root of a minus quantity, but it is not going to give a meaning to the unimpeachably grammatical statement that 'the soul is either blue or not blue'; and a modulation from C to F sharp is as easy as falling out of bed, but, however correct in grammar, it is not going to establish a key-relation.

Our first definition of key-relation holds good, with one slight change, for all the range of relations established in music from Haydn to Wagner. Two keys are related when some form of the tonic chord of one is identical with some form of one of the common chords of the other; with the exception of keys a whole tone apart, which are related only when their common chords are unaltered. In other words, a change of mode on either or both sides leaves the key-relation still traceable, so long as the keys are not a tone apart. In no case does a key-relation drag in a third tonic.

The first basis, then, of wider key-relation is that major and minor keys on the same tonic are identical. The fact that the so-called 'relative major' is a convenient point of backward reference, as in Example 1, has nothing to do with this matter; it is an accident that has misled the tonic-solfaists, but has misled nobody else. Not A minor, but C minor is the minor mode of C.

Now the character of the minor mode arises from the artificiality of the minor triad. It would carry us too far to go into this; and I will beg the reader who wishes to dispute it kindly to bear with this doubtless imperfect statement and to admit that the whole history of classical music shows that from the sixteenth century 'tierce de Picardie ' to the present day the minor tonic triad can be replaced by the major with the effect of only adding to the finality of the tonic sense. The major mode is the more resonant: the minor is overcast and struggling with dissonant elements. Consequently a change from minor to major in any direction is an increase of comfort, and a change to tonic major is, normally, a change to happiness. Of course, other factors may intervene: Brahms's kittenish 'Die Schwestern' gets along playfully in the minor until the twins fall in love with the same man, and then the major mode shows its higher plangency (I think that is the proper word to-day). Also, happiness too easily won is very near to tragic irony.

Now one of the easiest and lightest forms of pathos in music is the starting in a minor key and, before any action has happened, changing to its tonic major. This, of course, forestalls any further dramatic use of the change unless the work is on so large a scale that it can afford to begin with an almost complete lyric statement. And Schubert's large instrumental forms are notoriously prone to spend in lyric ecstacy the time required ex hypothesi for dramatic action. Rossini, whose music is never in a hurry, and least of all when Figaro is exhibiting his patter-singing, had already made this change his chief means of pathos; and Schubert, who was thoroughly seasoned by the Rossini fever which devastated musical Vienna in the 'twenties, took this over with many other Italian expressions. The beautiful melody with which the A minor quartet begins owes nothing to Italy until the moment when it quietly goes into A major. Some fifty

years later this gift from Italy returned to its native country when Verdi wrote the beginning of his Bequiem.

Elsewhere in Schubert these changes from major to minor are frequent, but never facile, always beautiful, and sometimes (as in Trockne Blumen' and the end of the theme of 'Tod und das Mädchen,' as treated in the D minor quartet) of almost unbearable pathos. One would hardly imagine the same pathos could be attained in a movement which is in a major key from the outset; but the return to the main theme of the first movement of the G major quartet is one of the most moving passages in all music. The main theme at first arises from sustained major chords which break out into energetic minor figures.



After an enormous (and very redundant) exposition and a rich and masterly development, the return of the tonic and of the main theme is prepared with great breadth and excitement.

And then the theme takes this form :-



A dim always implies relationed with Scholart, and here, in distinction from the previous decreey made the recovery from the strengends

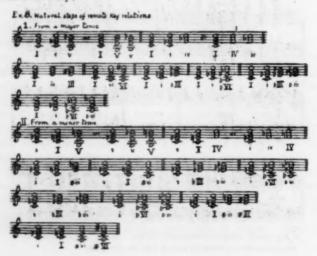
Now let us look at the results of treating tonic major and tonic minor as interchangeable. Calling the degrees of the first key by Roman figures, as in Example 1, we start with the direct relations of a major tonic, viz., ii, iii, IV, V, and vi; and those from a minor tonic, pVII, pVI, v, iv, and pIII.

We can extend these relations in two directions, so long as, for reasons to be described later, we leave the supertonic and the flat 7th alone. With a major tonic we can change the modes of its relatives and so obtain the new harmonic colours of III, iv, v, and VI. And we can add to our major tonic the relations of its tonic minor and so obtain pVI, v, iv, and pIII. It will be seen that the dominant minor and subdominant minor are reached in both ways. They are, in fact, hardly felt as remoter relations at all, and their use on an almost ordinary footing is as old as Bach and Handel. The effect of the other modulations is highly coloured, those in the forward direction (III and VI) being very bright, while their converses (pVI and pIII) are correspondingly dark.

The secondary relations of a minor tonic are, with the exception of the major dominant and major subdominant, also minor, and this deprives them of much of the contrast that their remoteness would otherwise give. The whole set is, of course, \$\psi\text{vi}\$ (where \$\psi\text{ indicates} the distance of a major interval from the tonic), V, IV and \$\psi\text{iii}\$ in the forward direction, with V and IV in both directions, and \$\psi\text{i}\$ and \$\psi\text{iii}\$ in the converse direction.

But the possibilities are not yet exhausted. Both modes may be changed, and this will give two more distant keys, biii and byi from a major tonic, and \$VI and \$III from a minor tonic.

Here is the whole series so far, reckoned from C and giving the intermediate steps:-



Now the relation of such pairs of keys is evident only when they are either brought into immediate contact or put into such prominent positions in a design that the memory holds them together. Not only do the great masters of tonality not expect us to recognise, without collateral evidence, keys that return after intervening modulations, but they rely upon our not doing so. For example, the modulation to C from A major in the middle of Example 4 is the right thing in the right place; but our clever young (or old enough to know better) contrapuntists who Godowskify* the classics by combining everything with everything else could easily make it disastrous by introducing the theme of the scherzo in the bass, for it is not a return to the tonic of the scherzo but a beautiful dark purple in the A major trio. I remember an excellent treatise of the 'seventies that laid down the rule, 'Modulation should not be made twice to the same key in the course of a movement.' The book was laudably observant of the real classics; but this rule showed how admirably the classics escaped being found out in this matter, for the rule is wholly impossible to obey on a large scale.

Probably the most fundamental rule for operations in large-scale tonality is that key-relation is a function of form. It is no use citing passages from the course of a wandering development to prove that a composer regards a key as related to his tonic: the function of development is contrast, not tonic relation. The choice of a key for the slow movement of a sonata, or for the trio of a scherzo, or for the second group (miscalled 'second subject') of a first movement, implies key-relation; but episodes and purple patches in these divisions must be referred to the key of the division, not to that of the whole.

If it be asked how, besides this choice of definite function, the great composers express the fact that remote keys are related, the answer is, 'exactly as in Example 8.' Or else by plain juxtaposition without the intermediate steps. Or even by breaking down the tonic chord into a single note and then building that note up into another chord; though this is a process that lends itself to mystification as well as schematic clearness. But I wish we might be allowed to use the term 'natural' for modulations which show the nature of the case.

Plain juxtaposition may be hardly thought worthy of inclusion among these natural modulations, but it is in many ways the most important of all. Philipp Emmanuel Bach and Dvorak (slow movement of New World Symphony) are afraid of it and must interpolate

^{*} Nevertheless I get up and snort when anybody else says a word against that great player.

explanatory chords. Not so Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms. When Beethoven wants to put the slow movement of his C minor concerto in the relation i to \$III he simply begins on the dazzling new tonic chord; and when Schubert (following the example of Beethoven's op. 106, which has the relation I to vi) puts the slow movement of his last sonata (Bv) into the relation I to viii (C\$ minor=Dv minor in a convenient notation) he does likewise. The whole point is that the new key comes as a shock, but not as an inexplicable one.

Here are two modulations literally on the scheme of Example 8:-



Modulations that enter the new key through its dominant chord are often hardly less immediate in their effect; and it is hardly necessary to quote the drastic method, conspicuous in Schubert's marches, of hammering on a bass note and suddenly raising it a semitone. Before going further, there is one other class of key-relations that remains to be described. The best name for it is Neapolitan, for it arises out of a chord known as the Neapolitan 6th, and that chord was developed by the Neapolitan masters (Alessandro Scarlatti and company) who

founded this whole system of classical tonality. It comes from making the lower tetrachord of a minor scale conform with the upper, thus:—



As the minor scale is artificial and unstable in any case, this modification would be all in its day's work but for the fact that this superlatively minor supertonic actually goes with a major third, just as the flat 6th converges upon the usual major dominant chord. Here is the Neapolitan cadence in its full form (a) and its compressed form (b), avoiding the major third of the tonic.



If the major third of the tonic is used we may just as well reckon the whole key as major.

This flat supertonic produces four key-relations between keys a semitone apart. From a major tonic there is the flat supertonic and both modes of the sharp 7th to which the tonic is flat supertonic. There is also the indirect relation of the minor flat supertonic, a key that would never convey an impression of relation unless in immediate juxtaposition and with schematically demonstrative harmony. But this, as we shall see, really occurs. From a minor tonic there is the direct flat supertonic, but no direct converse relations, since the Neapolitan chord is always major. But there are three direct Neapolitan relations, viz., the minor flat supertonic, and the sharp 7th in both major and minor modes.

This account, like all verbal explanations of tonality, is dry work; but the treatment of the facts by Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert is not.



explanatory chords. Not so Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms. When Beethoven wants to put the slow movement of his C minor concerto in the relation i to #III he simply begins on the dazzling new tonic chord; and when Schubert (following the example of Beethoven's op. 106, which has the relation I to Dvi) puts the slow movement of his last sonata (BD) into the relation I to Diii (C# minor = DD minor in a convenient notation) he does likewise. The whole point is that the new key comes as a shock, but not as an inexplicable one.

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Vol. IX.

Haydn's last pianoforte sonata, in ED, has its slow movement in FE=FD=DII. This Haydn carefully abstains from explaining; unlike Philipp Emmanuel Bach, who, when he put an ED movement into a D major symphony, annihilated the effect by dramatic bridge-passages in recitative. Beethoven, after using the flat supertonic very impressively at the beginning of the 'Sonata Appassionata,' the E minor quartet and the F minor quartet, wrote one of his very greatest works, the CS minor quartet, within the range (but for two small purple patches) between the flat supertonic and the other directly related keys, putting the flat supertonic first and last.

Schubert was greatly excited by Beethoven's C# minor quartet; but, having written 'Gretchen am Spinnrade' at sixteen, he needed no prompting, and the end of the first movement of the D minor quartet

turns the Neapolitan chord into the minor.



The C major string quintet is one of the greatest of all essays in tonality and especially in the Neapolitan relations. The whole scheme is as follows; and the reader whose patience is exhausted by these statistics may get the benefit of them together with some æsthetic experience by playing, very slowly, the tonic chords of the key-centres mentioned, for which purpose I set them out in Example 15. As it is no longer to the point to suppress the dominant chord when that is present at the moment of impact, I put it and other connection links as crotchets and quavers, and represent the initial tonic as a dotted minim. It will be noticed that in the first movement the remote key with which the second group of themes begins lasts only during one theme and then yields place to the orthodox dominant. This is always the case where Schubert's first modulation in a sonata-form movement is unorthodox. The first movement of the Unfinished Symphony is the only example where Schubert's second group is not in the so-called relative major (DIII), where the movement is in a minor key; and he makes no exception to the rule that in a major first movement the second group, however wide a cast it may first make, eventually settles in the orthodox dominant.



And here is the very end of the slow movement, showing the relation I ii as exactly as in Example 14, besides summing up the whole movement in four bars:—



The finale is half minor and half major and does not, except in the wanderings of a short development, go further than the dominant major and minor. But the very last bars emphasise the flat supertonic in the boldest way conceivable:—



If this stood by itself we should certainly take it for the dominant of F; but so grand is the tonal poise of the whole movement that in its full context it is more forcible an assertion of C major than any normal cadence. It may truly be said to have been prepared for by the whole course of the quintet. This is not to say that the first movement had not its diffuseness and redundancies, like every large instrumental work of Schubert; though the other three movements are accurate to a bar in their timing. But defects may co-exist with qualities; and Schubert's defects are often half-way towards the qualities of new art-forms. Upon Brahms the influence of Schubert is far greater than the combined influences of Bach and Beethoven; and this quintet concentrates most of the points which Brahms took up. If the original version of Brahms's Pianoforte Quintet as a

string quartet with two 'cellos had not been destroyed, its scoring would have given us a still more vivid reminder of the Schubert quintet. As it is, the end of Brahms's scherzo owes much to Example 15, and is, in fact, the only classical parallel to it.

One more excursus into theory and I will leave the patient reader to enjoy his Schubert in peace with the aid of whatever light this essay may have given.

If the scheme here given includes such a wide range of key, why does it exclude any keys at all? To begin with, why does it refuse to change the mode of the supertonic and the flat 7th?

Obviously, any theory that tries to 'forbid' these modulations condemns itself. The only permissible question about them is: What do they mean? And when we ask that question, we get a sensible answer. To begin with, take Example 5. We noticed that this key of the flat 7th persisted in sounding like the dominant of DIII, and that Gretchen's despair is vividly expressed by the failure to lead to any such key. That is the point: you may go to a key, but you may find it impossible to prove that you have reached it. The normal way to establish a key is to knock at its dominant door: and the best way to make sure that it is the front door that you are knocking at is to get at it through its own leading note. Consequently, if your tonic is C major you may say



till you are black in the face; but not even a military bandmaster will believe that you are in D major and not merely knocking at the door of G. If your tonic had been minor, then Example 18 would not become D minor but would either remain exactly as it is or, as an utmost concession, put a flat to E in the second bar.

What is true of one key-relation is true of its converse; and if nobody will believe that II is a real key when approached from I, then a modulation from I to pVII will cast some doubt on the reality of I when we return to it. Besides, ever since Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata and his earlier G major, op. 31, No. I, pVII has become a stalking-horse for the subdominant. When the second key, or both keys, are minor the ambiguity no longer exists, for a dominant chord can only be major. But by this time no feeling of relation is left, for there have been no circumstances that can naturally give rise to it. So poor Gretchen's despair wanders, after Example 5, through the dominant into the desolate region of E minor (ii) 'die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt.' Thence she does retrace her harmonic steps back to

the dominant and from there rises a semitone to harmonies on the dominant of pvi. Again the accompaniment swings back and she returns to the tonic and the burden 'Meine Ruh' ist hin.' She recapitulates the modulation of Example 5 and its sequel, but does not go further than the dominant; and then comes the wonderful repose in the long-delayed pIII, at 'Sein hoher Gang.'

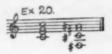
If the composer, starting from a major tonic, can persuade the listener that II is a key and not a mere dominant, the effect is one of strange exaltation; unless, of course, the composer is a mere stringer of borrowed tunes whose key-contrasts mean nothing. That is why this is either the most vulgar of modulations or the most sublime. A miracle was worked in this manner by Beethoven at the long-delayed return of the main theme in the first movement of the Eroica Symphony. Schubert in the slow movement of the quintet produces a mysterious brightness by going from E to F\$ (II) and refusing to explain it away as the dominant of V.



AND THENCE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION THROUGH FY AS DOMINANT OF \$ TH

What of the key-distances a tritone 4th or imperfect 5th apart, the only ones now left, except enharmonic synonyms of the others?

Here again, the real question has nothing to do with the Unity of the Chromatic Scale or the Blueness of the Soul or the Wickedness of Hide-bound Academicism, but simply with the problem of establishing the second key as having a tonic relation to the first. And this cannot be done with I and \$IV, major or minor, direct or converse. Whichever is tonic the other will be a dominant and not a key; and, as a dominant, it will turn the first key into a flat supertonic. In short, Example 19 means a Neapolitan close into B, major or minor,



and cannot be made to mean anything else. Moreover, the second chord is very close in pitch (in fact, identical on the pianoforte) to its diametrical opposite, by. The two could overlap (with perfect comfort on the pianoforte and with merely momentary discomfort in just intonation) and carry the progression right round the harmonic world in three chords.



Harmonic space is curved like the surface of the earth, and this tritone is its date-line. We must not ascribe this curvature to any form of tempered scale. Example 20 represents the particular case of the whole curvature known as the circle of 5ths (C, G, D, A, E, B, F# = Gp, Dp, Ap, Ep, Bp, F, C), which temperaments, equal or unequal, make join by distributing their defective intonations to the best of their ability; but the actual curvature of harmonic space is local, and depends on musical forms as the curvature of Einstein's time-space depends on the presence of gravitating matter. Editorial time-space and the occasion compel me to hurl this degmatically at the reader.

I will only point out that there are several other enharmonic circles between the short-circuit of Example 21 and the whole circle of 5ths; and will again remind the reader that no master of tonality expects a key to be recognised merely by pitch when it returns after intervening modulations. So that if Schubert (or Brahms) goes round an enharmonic circle of thirds in this fashion:



the reason why we know that Schubert has returned to G and not arrived at ADD is not because the pianoforte expresses no difference, but because this passage did originally remain in G with no modulations at all, and because it here also returns to the opening theme as usual. If it could be heard in just intonation the most delicate ear would hardly detect the minute difference in pitch between the G major of the original theme and the ADD of its return here; and if the ear did note the difference the inference would not be, 'We are now in the vastly remote key of ADD,' but 'The pitch is beginning to shift.'

So far we have been dealing with keys treated as related. This field is a wider one than that of merely 'extraneous' modulation, as the Victorian theorists used to call everything outside Example 1. Not only do extraneous modulations exist, but they are not confined to the distances of \$IV and bV. Any key may be reached in an extraneous way; and I doubt whether anything but a general retrospect of the whole movement would enable us in the first movement of the last pianoforte sonata to identify F as the dominant of Bo when it has been reached vid F\$ minor (=Go minor=Dvi), and so would be equivalent to Goo but for the fact that there is an unobtrusive enharmonic modulation before the F\$ minor has come round in the

required direction. For a really enharmonic modulation, not a mere change of notation, does make a mystery in which everything becomes possible. It is sometimes supposed that Bach's range of modulation has never been surpassed, and that it was inconceivable until 'Das Wohltemperirte Klavier ' made it possible by means of equal temperament. The one supposition is pious and the other merely nonsensical. You cannot enlarge the range of modulation that Bach covered in 'Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum,' the Chromatica Fantasia and the Organ Fantasia in G minor, nor Handel's range in 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart.' But when Bach and Handel go beyond Example 1 they intend and achieve miracles; while Schubert and Beethoven, who also work miracles, can cover the whole range with patently normal facts. What our grammarians have completely failed to show, as far as I can see, is just what the purpose of modulations can be. One thing is quite evident, that it is no use quoting harmonic facts without referring to the time-scale in which they are manifested. For want of such measurements our study of modulation becomes as style-destroying as exercises designed to introduce all the known figures of speech into a single paragraph.

For this reason I give no further analysis to the following three illustrations of Schubert's harmonic miracles:—







But I have only touched the fringe of the subject, and I prefer to end with an illustration that shows how all these resources depend on the time-scale.

The first feature in large forms that Schubert handled with supreme mastery was the return of a main theme. This requires a highly developed sense of the degrees in which a key may be established. For instance, if a composer, after having modulated in zig-zags over the circle of 5ths, drops into his tonic and his main theme as if this event were merely resuming an interrupted conversation; well, either this is a good joke or it is not. It has to be very good if it will do at all. Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven may be trusted with it; but you will not find it in early works, and Schubert did not live to produce late ones. Now, as has been said before, the normal way

to establish a key, new or old, is to harp on its dominant. In the modulation to the first new key, that of the second group in a sonatamovement, the reaching of this point and the proportioning of this 'dominant preparation ' is a very difficult piece of draughtsmanship. Mozart mastered it grandly; but Beethoven in his most characteristic early works often preferred to do something cleverer, and make a cast round some other key. Not until op. 29 did his Beethovenish power add the sublime proportions and simplicity of Mozart's dominant preparation to his own new resources. Schubert, whose adolescent works are stiffly imitative of Mozart, never attempted in his maturest works to tackle Mozart's way of moving to his second group, except in the first two movements of the A minor quartet; and the slow movement seems rather shy and tired by the effort. Elsewhere Schubert's first transition is a more or less violent coup-de-théatre, moving (except in the Unfinished Symphony) in some direction other than the eventual destiny of the section. This makes it the more significant that his returns to his main theme should be among the most wonderful feats of draughtsmanship in all music. Here is his way of returning to his long-lost first theme and tonic after an exposition that has proceeded from I through byi via x y z to what must be taken as V, and then a development beginning in biji and proceeding in a round of keys returning to Do (now thus correctly written instead of C\$, and proceeding thence to a point which would be EDD if the enharmonic circle were straightened out (and also if any sensible person cared what it was called). But, whatever its name may be, its effect becomes that of iii to the long-lost main theme which quietly appears above it, first in a new relation to this minor key, and then in its own position in a key very near in pitch to the original tonic. The distant thunder of the shakes in the bass confirms the impression that we are returning to our opening. Not one artist in a thousand, and that thousand chosen from the ranks of the competent, could be trusted to recognise that it would be facile and inadequate to treat bars 9-13 of Example 23 as a real return to the tonic. Beethoven (who had been dead for 18 months) would have been proud to have written Schubert's quiet swing back to iii and the subsequent 18 bars of suspense on the dominant. The whole passage should really be begun 12 bars before Example 28, for the Dorian character of this particular D minor is a material factor in its relation to the dominant. Schubert's tonality is as wonderful as star clusters, and a verbal description of it is as dull as a volume of astronomical tables. But I have often been grateful to a dull description that faithfully guides me to the places where great artistic experiences await me; and with this hope I leave the reader poised on Schubert's dominant of B flat.



DONALD F. TOVEY.

SPONTANEITY

In spite of the care of historians and biographers, great men are liable to exist in the minds of the multitude as legendary figures rather than as human beings. Thus, Handel is thought of as a savage, ill-tempered Titan, flinging prima donnas wholesale out of windows; Beethoven as a stone-deaf mystic perpetually pouring ink over his pianos; Rossini as a lazy bon-viveur writing all his operas in bed; and, to introduce our first subject, Schubert as a musical fountain-pen, for ever writing symphonies and songs.

Because the spontaneity of Schubert has become legendary, it may not be altogether without interest to discover the contributory causes of that tremendous output of music. The two main causes of spontaneity are, first, certain mental and spiritual qualities in the man himself, and secondly, certain external conditions imposed by his surroundings. All this is rather obvious, and now we have to discover what those mental and spiritual qualities are, which, when found in conjunction with certain temporal and local conditions, make a man's work conspicuously spontaneous.

In the first place, he must be possessed of abundant animal spirits, brimming with vitality, and full of an unquenchable love of fun. His work must not be to him a solemn matter, undertaken in the most serious frame of mind (although, of course, it is to him a supremely serious matter), but a great game, with never ending surprises and delights. That is, the spontaneous man is one in whose mature frame dwells the joyful spirit of the child. And just as the child enjoys his games of pretence, uttering the formula, 'What fun it would be,' so the composer (and every artist, whatsover his calling) attacks each project, great or small, in the same excited state of happiness. His most serious efforts are but the application of this child-like attitude. 'What fun it would be,' he thinks to himself, ' to give this tune to all the horns in unison!' 'What fun it would be, he murmurs, in scoring some solemn mysterious passage, 'to have all the strings divisi and con sordini.' In fact, all great art is born in pleasure. The saddest thoughts of all poets and musicians have given them their greatest happiness, and I for one, cannot believe that Schubert was reaching the truth when he said that his best loved melodies were the product of his misery. No, his circumstances were undoubtedly in a way miserable, yet in each melody he wrote, in each superb passage he developed, he experienced a joy not to be known by others except at the few supreme moments of life. Schubert's child-like production of melody is comparable to Dickens' child-like production of humour, unsophisticated, unlimited, and irresistible. Just as Dickens' comic characters frequently destroy the plots of his stories, so Schubert's melodic invention frequently destroys the form of his sonatas and symphonies, but there is no denying the greatness either of the humour of Dickens or the melody of Schubert.

Again, the spontaneous man must not be for ever considering whether he is being original or not. As soon as such considerations enter a man's brain an inferiority complex develops, and spontaneity is afraid to assert itself. Certainly Schubert does not seem to have bothered about being original, feeling, no doubt (quite unconsciously, of course) that if he had any marked style or personality it would ultimately reveal itself, and if he had no personality then it was no use deliberately trying to acquire it. For instance, a man who wished to be thought original would not have copied certain Beethovenish features as Schubert did. Actually, as it turned out, Schubert's personality was so definite, so marked, that he could adopt Beethoven's mould without impairing the Schubertisn ingredients; cf. Schubert's octet and Beethoven's septet. It is often said that Schubert's work is a pale reflection of Beethoven's, but although there are obvious likenesses in their work it is as absurd to imagine that Schubert learnt what he had to say from Beethoven as to argue that the Laburnum learnt how to grow from watching the methods of the Wistaria.

In addition to these necessary personal characteristics there are, as I have previously said, certain external conditions which promote or prevent a man's spontaneity. In the first place, he must have definite forms of expression which he can use as he may require them. If he has to make his own forms as well as his own themes, it is probable that under the double burden he will lose his initial freshness. In the early part of the eighteenth century the civic authorities in German Lutheran towns demanded a wealth of music in their church services, so that when Johann Sebastian Bach came to the plenitude of bis powers he was able to pour a constant stream of music into the accepted form of religious worship—the cantata. In the early nineteenth century, Italian opera was a firmly established institution with clearly defined forms, so that Rossini was able to write twenty operas in eight years—a fine piece of work for an indolent man. To-day such fluency is impossible, since no one knows what form to adopt either in sacred or secular music.

It so happened in Schubert's time that the sonata form was universally accepted, though it was open to slight modifications at the hands

of the more daring composers. Consequently, when Schubert took his pen in hand he could write a work in sonata form as easily as Edward Lear could write a limerick. Nowadays such spontaneity is impossible. It is true that we are free from the trifling bonds of consecutive fifths and octaves, but instead we are held fast by the inexorable tyranny of having to be original. No symphony to-day which sets out to emulate the spontaneity of Mozart or Schubert, even though it succeed in its object, will ever pass into the hearing of the multitude, because outside the concert-gate stands the Critic with the flaming sword to prevent the work from reaching immortality. The symphony which will command attention, however (' this earnest thoughtful piece of work ') is that which rigorously suppresses all spontaneity, and which is laid cut as a sort of musical detective story, in which the important qualification is that in the opening stages no one shall guess the ultimate significance of any phrase. Of such themes as are heard in the opening bars it is as impossible to pick out the first subject as it is to discover in the opening chapters of a detective novel whether the criminal is the wicked but handsome Sir Jasper, the cruel, soft-spoken Chinaman, or the baby-eved Lady Ermentrude. In a modern symphony such ingenuity no doubt ensures a short-lived novelty, but it no less certainly curbs a composer's natural flow of music. It is not that the modern critic is an ill-conditioned curmudgeon, preferring the dreary concoctions of incompetence to the spontaneous flow of good spirits, but that in a first hearing a pessimistic tone poem sounds profound, and may prove interesting, whereas it takes at least one hundred years for a trivial tune to reach the stage when it is referred to as 'that deliciously naïve melody.' There is no doubt that a great deal of Mozart's music, if it were produced to-day, would be snubbed into the waste-paper basket.

In relation to his time, then, Schubert was very fortunate. He was not compelled by an unwritten law to make a fresh mould for each new work, all he had to do was to try not to put too much new wine into the old bottles. Frequently, of course, under his treatment the bottles did burst and the wine has, for all practical purposes, been ruined. But we must never forget that the exuberance of Schubert is Schubert, just as the grotesque humour of Dickens is Dickens, and if Schubert calls a movement a Rondo we must understand him to do so in the same sense as Mr. Blotton called Mr. Pickwick a humbug—purely in a Pickwickian sense.

Not only was the sonata form ready for Schubert's immediate use, but there was another form waiting to be developed by him—the song. It is not my purpose to discuss Schubert's importance as a song writer nor to estimate the value of his songs, but to discover as far as is possible how such a vast number of songs came to be written.

From a study of his songs, it would seem that his main object was to convey the leading ideas of the verse without worrying too much about inconvenient details. If there was any dispute between the words and the music as to who was to have precedence, he invariably decided in favour of the music. To-day it is not permitted to write with the spontaneity and simplicity of Schubert, as all songs have to be sophisticated out of existence, and the natural flow of the music has to be sacrificed to the supposed demand of the poem, although everyone knows that even in the most careful setting of poems the musical rhythm is different from the verse rhythm, and not only different but frequently incorrect. Even those eclectic composers, who eschew harmony because it hinders the delivery of the poem, fail to preserve the correct verbal stresses, cf., Frederic Austin's setting of a 'Song of Soldiers,' quoted by Mr. Herbert Bedford in Music and Letters (April, 1924), as a specimen of a song freed from the fetters of accompaniment. In this musical quotation I can discover as many false stresses as ever appear in the most hastily written song of Schubert. There are, for example, musical stresses upon the following words: by, with, in, like, And, was, and, murmurs of; each of which is an abuse of the poet's rhythm. If, therefore, the champions of sophisticated song-writing find it impossible to combine two arts, let us accept the fact and give our greatest admiration to the artist who satisfies us most in the medium in which he decides to work, as Schubert does.

Because, then, Schubert was wise enough, or simple-hearted enough, not to attempt the rôle of a musical commentator, he was able to read and to set six hundred poems with music so apt that it earns our immediate approval, and so unfinicking that it causes us no irritation. Since his time the forthright method of writing a song has become impossible, because of the retroactive methods of composers who feel that they cannot begin until they understand every subtlety in the poem, and that they cannot understand every subtlety until they have studied every commentator, and that they cannot understand every commentator until they have learnt German, and that they cannot understand German commentators until they have learnt Hebrew, by which time the impatient muse has fled. Probably Schubert did not understand as much about the poems he set as did those who have come after, but sometimes Love is better fitted to lead us unto Truth, than the stately goddess Reason.

That Schubert's spontaneous methods often led him into errors of taste and judgment, I do not attempt to deny. But as, when I enlarge to my friends about the phenomenal speed of my motor-engine, I do not feel obliged to tell them of my disasters with telegraph poles and other vehicles, so when I write of Schubert's divine spontaneity I do not feel obliged to mention his lapses into banality and boredom.

A. E. BRENT SMITH.

CHAMBER MUSIC

In the quartets, form provides a field where the student can browse at pleasure with much advantage to himself; but there has been no hot debate about it; no one has pretended to discover a downright error in their symmetry and, in consequence, there has been no challenge. The symmetry of some parts of the C Major Symphony. on the other hand, has been impugned. There have been attackers and defenders; some have found the last movement lacking in proportion; others have proclaimed it an exceptional materpiece of form; peacemakers, blessed but foolish, have spoken of its 'divine length.' There is, of course, no such thing as the divine length of a work of art. We feel and admit that the road is a long one when we are tired of it, and a tired man is no longer in a position to admire the prospects it unfolds. Professor Tovey has said that neither Shakespeare nor Schubert will ever be understood by any critic who regards their weaknesses as proof that they are artists of less than the highest rank. With all deference to the distinguished critic and with full knowledge of the awful responsibility attached to such an admission, I confess that I see no proof of greatness in the overworked triplet of the last movement of Schubert any more than in Shakespearean puns.

The B Minor Symphony cannot be used for purposes of comparison; partly because it is an unfinished symphony and partly because it occupies a place apart. It is the herald of a new world Schubert, alas, did not live long enough to discover to us fully. The bitterness he felt at the approach of death was no vulgar fear, but the grief of one who felt life ebbing away in sight of the Promised Land.

The form of the quartet concerns the student only; the average listener, unconscious of length, of weariness, does not ask to be taken behind the scenes to be convinced that the machine has worked smoothly and efficiently. If a structure pleases our eye, if it withstands the influence of time, we naturally infer a certain skill in the architect and care in his assistant. Of course, the public may be in error; but the expert is himself not infallible and it is cold comfort when a building collapses to know that there has been no mistake on the part of the builder. No doubt there are weaknesses as well as excellences in the two great quartets. But form fulfils admirably the purpose for which it exists if we are not aware of weakness. The

whole question of form must be considered in connection with the themes to which it is applied; one theme may and another may not bear very extended treatment. When themes and plan are perfectly matched disturbing questions no longer arise.

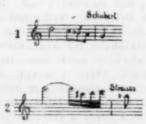
The player who reads Schubert's quartets for the first time may experience considerable difficulty in resisting the powerful swinging gait of his rhythm. It is, of course, unwise to trust the current before we know where rocks and shoals may be encountered. But it is a glorious thing to resign oneself to this magnificent impetus, trusting that it will carry us safely over obstacles, to cease thinking in terms of quavers and crotchets, shedding for the moment all fear and all responsibility. A rude awakening from this state of rapture is within possibility; but it not seldom happens that under its influence we perform feats of which we are incapable at any other time without careful preparation. Not only Schubert's quartets nor all Schubert's quartets will stimulate the intelligence and quicken the response of the muscles of the hands in this way. The experience is not unknown in the case of Mendelssohn and even less distinguished composers. But it invariably postulates certain qualities in their music. It would be unthinkable, for instance, with a teased scheme of rhythm, or where the harmonic design lacks ballast or is of an eccentric pattern: it would be altogether impossible if the music were not in the genius of the instrument.

Schubert is not always at his happiest in writing for the violin. In the sonatinas (for violin and pianoforte) he writes whole movements apparently for players of very modest abilities and then one short movement requiring a high standard of skill. In the Rondo brillant there is too much E string for a well-varied colour scheme. The quartets, however, are the exception to the rule. The texture of his themes, the embroideries, the ornaments suit the string instrument to perfection-which is much more than can be said of Beethoven's string music, where a certain disproportion between medium and idea is not infrequent even in the early quartets. Only a mass of violins would bring out the full flavour of the slow movement of his first quartet in E; only a first-class string orchestra could bring out all the monumental qualities of the Great Fugue. The successful interpreter of Beethoven has first to pass an apprenticeship in studying his mind, in becoming familiar with his idiom and temperament. No such preparation is necessary with Schubert, whose writing is always of pellucid clearness.

The string quartet seems to answer perfectly all his demands; it becomes in his hands a most pliable medium equally suitable for ideas of a tender, melodious nature, like the first movement of the A minor quartet or ideas of dramatic intensity like the opening of the G minor

quartet. And perhaps the source of this happy affinity between medium and idea must be sought in the lyrical character of the music. String instruments-and the violin in particular-can imitate and have been made to imitate the tricks of most other instruments. The violin becomes an organ in the hands of Bach; a banjo and a drum in the hands of some nameless modern. But violin, viola and 'cello are essentially lyrical instruments, most happy, most resourceful. most effective when they give voice to a lyrical thought. Now Schubert in the quartets retains much that is essentially of the song. His themes are, for the most part, 'singing' themes; the whole conception is lyrical rather than tragic or reflective; the music is conceived in a mode sufficiently remote from deep emotion to admit of song; it testifies to a certain peace of mind and heart, to a desire to express quiet satisfaction within, to add one more voice in harmony with the voices of nature. It is a mood more appropriate to the musician than to any other creative artist; a mood other musicians understand most easily, and to this, perhaps, is due that mistakes in the reading of the tempi of Schubert's quartets are comparatively rare.

The music of a symphony or a quartet cannot be solely lyrical; so vast a canvas implies contrasts of wide range and variety. But lyricism in Schubert often gives also a certain colour and order and dignity to expressions that are not essentially lyrical. Let us compare for a moment the opening of the G minor quartet with a somewhat similar phrase in 'Heldenleben':—



The first (vocal, lyrical) is an expression of great dramatic force; the second (unvocal, unrestrained) suggests arrogance rather than force. And since lyricism has become fashionable again and made its appearance in the much advertised work of one modern composer, we need only glance through these quartets of Schubert and compare them with contemporary examples to see that true lyricism is not a cloak that can be put on or discarded at pleasure. It is open to any

second-rate composer to give an impersonation of his betters, and the lyricism of Schubert is no more safe from imitation than the epic of Beethoven. But there will always be a world of difference between lyricism and lyricism d'occasion. The first is pure essence; the second a raw, impure compound. Such a theme as the second subject of Schubert's G minor quartet retains certain elements of the folksongeasy, flowing melodic line; directness of expression; clear-cut rhythm -but it possesses also a rare distinction of thought and manner. Now the music in which Da-Ur addresses Helen in Strauss' 'Helen in Egypt' is also derived from folklore sources, but, although scored with every intention of avoiding the obvious, it has not been purged of original sin and remains essentially a commonplace idea. The difference is the same as between two sturdy peasants, one of whom is entitled to distinction because of rare gifts of mind and heart, of sense and sensibility, while the other would claim it on the strength of a town suit and of new, squeaky shoes.

Schubert's quartets belong to the golden era of chamber music and contribute something without which even that great epoch would be much the poorer. If they occupy the third place in Schubert's titles to immortality we must take that as the measure of his greatness.

F. BONAVIA.

HIS FAVOURITE DEVICE

The signs of strong personality in an artist's work, though they may be but vaguely apprehended by the bulk of his admirers, appear rarely quite impenetrable to the observer versed in the chemistry of art, for they may as a rule be traced ultimately to purely technical procedures. They may be so recondite as to be inexplicable to the artist himself and only with difficulty accessible to the analytical mind projected upon them subsequently to the procedure of creation. But Schubert is the most transparent of composers. His style bears a hall-mark that is Anyone with even a superficial knowledge of his work, combined with the most elementary musicianship, who was asked to name the chief outward distinction of his writing, would surely, without hesitation, refer to his free and frequent interchange of the major and minor modes. It is a device as conspicuous and familiar as Rembrandt's chiaroscuro, though no such convenient tag has as yet been found for it. If such a descriptive label were really needed for what must be called a mannerism, but a mannerism used again and again in its primeval innocence to serve the ends of genius, there could be no objection to our talking about Schubert's chiaroscuro.

The trick of distributing harmonic light and shade in this way is not a subtle one: it verges upon the commonplace in its obviousness. It was not even a new one in Schubert's time; but it is this very simplicity that lies in the inmost kernel of Schubert's art which makes him of all the great masters the most accessible. He, less than any of them, causes the untutored music lover to shy at the forbidding classicality which is unfortunately thrust posthumously upon those most qualified to give universal delight. He lightly accepted the handiest and most ancient means of producing a commonly understood musical effect: his reward for not being over-fastidious is a measure of freedom from the unhappy exclusiveness of the great that is enjoyed by no other musical classic—perhaps by no classic of any sort.

The wonder is that, for all his simple way of helping himself to what came but too readily to his hand, he does not offend any musician who keeps his mind reasonably free from prejudice. That his casualness did not prevent him from producing superb art with surprising frequency is due to an extraordinary fund of instinctive good sense which he had to set against it. Though the practice of mixing major and minor is nearly as old as the civilised music we

know, his way of carrying it out is as startlingly and unaccountably different as his music altogether was from that of his predecessors. In fact, it brings us as near as anything may to discovering the secret of the newness of Schubert's music. The novelty of his use of transitions from major to minor, and more especially from minor to major, is in part technical, as may be judged from the decisive steps and short cuts they enabled him to make in modulation; but it is a literary—and often literal—employment that gives the device the character of a new departure, of a heading at full tilt towards romanticism, with its striving to convert what had once served purely musical ends into a kind of hyper-flexible vocabulary for the expression of poetical ideas in a way that was at once more vague and more clearly illuminating than mere words.

Schubert, of all the great masters, is seen least clearly as a link in musical evolution. He appears even to a fairly close scrutiny as a curiously detached phenomenon, the characteristics of whose idiom are singularly little apparent in his precursors and become all but lost again after his disappearance. It is true that he retained form exactly as composers before him had used it; but that connects him only superficially with the chain of events, for he was utterly unenterprising in this direction and would have adopted and somehow filled any musical form that might have enjoyed currency in his days in place of the prevalent moulds of the sonata, the scherzo and trio, the rondo and the variegated theme. If anywhere, it is in his handling of major and minor that his connection with what came before and after is to be seen. The fact that he uses the procedure at all and so readily shows his indebtedness to the past: his individual manner of using it points to the future. There we have the significance of this favourite device of his, not only as the chief symptom of his style, but as a clue to his place in musical history seen as a continuous sequence of events rather than a series of separate occurrences. It can be traced as far back into mediæval history as the moment at which the Tierce de Picardie made the finality of the major triad triumph decisively over the comparatively inconclusive minor*: and there is no limit to what it may be considered to have engendered. Before he was twenty, Schubert made a setting of a short poem by Hölty, 'Klage,' where he was induced by the poetic antithesis of a happy past and an unhappy present to commit the formal trespass of starting the song in F major and ending it in D minor, a thing quite inexcusable then on musical grounds and only thought permissible by a very daring youngster on a literary plea. We need but telescope the procedure a little—the song is not thirty

^{*} De Muris, early in the 14th century, still considered both the major and minor triads as discords.

bars long-and we have the modern trick of adding the sixth to the final chord which amounts to nothing more than the production of a clash between the relative major and minor triads. The habit of going into the relative major for the last movement or the final pages of a work cast in a minor key, which has grown exasperating with some composers, especially the Frenchmen and Belgians of the César Franck school, is also to be tracked to Schubert. It is a singularity of his petrified into a convention and then undeservedly exalted into a principle. Again, Schubert brings unrelated keys into such perilous proximity at times by his steep modulations that modern polytonality is none the less closely related to his harmonic approximations because it took musicians another century to make the decisive final contraction. That he did not share his contemporaries' rigid adherence to a key centre is shown by the frequent estrangement in tonality of his sonata movements as well as by his modulations and his capricious drawing upon major and minor.

But what attaches Schubert immediately to those who followed him is his discovery of the literary implications of major and minor. It makes him the first to wed poetry and song with a genius unknown since the days of the madrigalists and lutenists and in a way that differed from theirs, the first conspicuous modern figure among the passionate matchmakers between music and words. Nevertheless, his ideas as to the fitness of such unions are profoundly influenced by tradition. His view of major and minor as vehicles of expression is not markedly different from that of Josquin des Près and the rest of the "Picardesque" composers of the 15th and 16th centuries. Like them, he felt that relatively to the major triad that of the minor is discordant. But if to them it was so lacking in finality that they had to sharpen the third degree of any mode containing the minor third in the concluding chord or to omit it altogether rather than risk the ambiguous impression left by the minor triad, he welcomed that impression as a means of creating poetic inferences more varied and suggestive than any composer before him had done. In the main he firmly held to the notion, still common to-day, that minor spells the mood of the departure platform, while the major is proper to the arrival platform. Only the modern cynic who has lost his respect for key altogether would say that there may be circumstances in which departure means joy and arrival vexation. Schubert and his time did not quibble about individual cases; he and his poets were content to generalise about broad human verities. They did it badly at times, no doubt, with neither taste nor insight; but on the whole they were right.

In his uses of major and minor Schubert was almost infallibly right. To him the former meant happiness, confidence, strength, consolation, all that life enters on the credit side of human fate; the latter was for him sadness, discouragement, grief, trouble. Trouble, indeed, it is in all the incontrovertible literalness of technicalities. A fundamental tonic note sounds the major seventeenth, which is the major third in the third octave above, as its fourth harmonic, and the introduction of the minor third produces, to an ear sensitive enough to perceive the overtone, a clash comparable to the confusion of waves in a pond into which two pebbles have been cast at the same moment. The chord that meant trouble and agitation to Josquin still meant it to Schubert, and had in fact meant it to every composer between them. More than that: it was for some of them a chord distinctly subordinate on purely theoretical grounds to the major triad, whose freedom from inharmonious disarray it did not possess. Rameau, for instance, called the major mode 'the sovereign of harmony' and regarded the minor as its satellite, emanating from it by inversion.

There is no reason to think that Schubert knew this scholastic distinction or remembered it if Salieri or whosoever had told him of it. One must not without clear proof regard the great composers as having been theorists otherwise than by instinct. But Schubert was somehow right about his preference of the major mode, at any rate in so far as his own purposes were concerned. And now that the word has slipped out, let it be admitted that preference is what it comes to with him. He is fully aware, it must be repeated, that the minor mode paints every form of human misery far more poignantly than the major: it becomes more prominent as the cycle of 'Die schöne Müllerin' proceeds to its tragic end, and two-thirds of the songs in the gloomy 'Winterreise' are in minor keys. But then, Schubert did not face misery gladly, much less wallow in it: he welcomed any excuse to be relieved of it, as he welcomed the major mode on the slightest provocation. The fact that the minor was tragic for him did not prevent the major from being the more emotional, since he clearly deemed joy a keener emotion than sorrow. It meant more to him, perhaps because he had so much less of it and perhaps only because he evaded life's greater troubles by embracing jollity as a substitute for joy. He had the easy and incurable, or as he would prefer it, incorruptible optimism that was the only possible outlook for so naïve and instinctive a genius.

A glance at the songs will throw much light on Schubert's attitude towards the major and minor modes and on his peculiar manipulation of them. To begin with the most obvious cases, a simple poetic antithesis is often seen to be matched by an equally simple juxtaposition of major and minor. In 'Lachen und Weinen' the very title gives the game away. This kind of thing seemed to him so

manifestly called for that one need not be surprised to find it in many of the very earliest songs. Examples can be taken almost anywhere from the songs of Schubert's boyhood to the 'Schwanengesang.' In 'Der Müller und der Bach' (Schöne Müllerin, No. 19) the despairing miller speaks in minor and is answered by the consolatory brook in major until he himself falls into that mode at the end. It is worth noting that here for once the melancholy is intensified by the Neapolitan sixth which makes a kind of redoubled minor effect that is very sparingly used by a composer so ready to dispel trouble. The setting of Werner's ' Morgenlied ' has a similar dialogue between the poet and the birds. 'Rückblick' (Winterreise, No. 8) has a major section for a reminiscence of summer. In 'Die Rose' the antithesis is between heat and cold, in 'Der Jüngling auf dem Hügel ' between grief and consolation, and in 'Am Grabe Anselmos' between sorrow and happy recollection. The storm that rages in the first part of 'Die junge Nonne' is in F minor and the ensuing calm rings out in the tonic major, an admirable contrast being thus obtained without any violent breaking away from the original musical idea. In the wonderful 'Totengräberweise' the opposition between the ideas of death and resurrection is quite simply enforced by that between F sharp minor and major, in spite of the surrounding modulations which border on an extravagance that might well have driven the righteous Franz Schubert of Dresden to another indignant request not to be confused with his Viennese namesake.

An amusing thing happens in the first verse of 'Lebenslied,' where the poet-it is Matthisson-hammers away so fast at his antithetical imagery that the composer cannot possibly ring the changes with the same frequency; but Schubert flutters from minor to major and back as rapidly as he dare. The idea has been set going in his mind and he cannot renounce it, even if it works in badly with his text. It is in such songs as 'Muth' (Winterreise, No. 22) and 'Ihr Bild' (Schwanengesang, No. 9) that the matching of the modes—or moods of poetry and music may be seen several degrees more subtly effected. A verbal contrast is still there and has to be dealt with in the peculiar way that has by this time become almost a matter of course with Schubert; but there is no suspicion of interference with the spontaneous shaping of a perfect artistic pattern by an exaggerated deference to the poet. The poise between the two arts is perfect and music knows its worth. In the three cycles alone, if we leave aside the other five hundred odd songs for the moment, there are numberless instances of changes between minor and major which reinforce the poetic idea and often add to it a beautiful significance of their own. In 'Der Neugierige '-to begin with 'Die schöne Müllerin '-there

is the apprehensive clouding of B major by a momentary depression of the D sharp to D when the miller reproaches the brook, first with being silent and afterwards with being capricious. 'Thränenregen,' though in A major, ends in the tonic minor, and a similar close is given to 'Die böse Farbe,' which wavers throughout in tonality like a soul in trouble. In 'Trockne Blumen' there is a great major section for the idea of a springtide which the singer is never to see, but just before the end Schubert remembers the true situation and returns to the minor.

The 'Winterreise' has changes to the minor for the painful resolve in ' Der Lindenbaum,' the absence of a letter in ' Die Post,' the disillusion at the end of 'Frühlingstraum.' Conversely, 'Auf dem Flusse' goes into the major at the episode of the lover's carving the loved one's name into the ice, and to enforce the point Schubert cunningly poses the voice part on the major third at the very point of the change. This lovely passage with its tremulous figuration and its stealthily creeping basses one feels to be carried along by a flood of emotion that is due mainly to Schubert's decision to use his pet device just at this juncture, and thus only indirectly to the stimulus of the poetry. It all works so naturally that he often thinks of changing the key signature before he has hit upon a new idea to place behind the double bar. Then something stupendous happens: he quite calmly puts down the old idea and produces an effect so disproportionate to the means employed that he must himself have gasped with astonishment at the priceles treasures he could at times uncover by the simple removal of three flats. The very first song of the 'Winterreise' springs this surprise, which has the faculty of always renewing itself that is the secret of all great artistic conceits. Even more than to the major section in 'Gute Nacht' this applies perhaps to that in 'Der Wegweiser.' The perennial thrill of this passage is as inescapable as it is unaccountable. One can at best grope after the explanation of the redoubled force of the device in this instance by pointing to the ingenious way in which the tune, after a beginning identical with the minor version, is given a new turn that is both harmonically and poetically ideal, and by suggesting that the tinge of unpleasant self-pity at this point of Wilhelm Müller's poem is effaced by a lucky hit of instinctive taste. It is worth noting, by the way, that the most affecting moment occurs at the sequence of two open fifths in the third bar, the one point where the beautiful fourpart harmony is scholastically not impeccable.

Schubert is so fond of this opening of the sluice-gates of emotion by a sudden release of the major mode that he often delays it deliberately or goes out of his way into the minor for no other purpose than that of indulging his predilection. In 'An die Nachtigall' he has the excuse of the word 'ach!' for the intrusion of G minor, but it is not felt to be nearly so strong as his musical intention, which is to give the utmost point to an entrancing G major cadence. For 'Auf dem Wasser zu singen' he uses the key signature of A flat major and then goes and sets the bulk of the song to A flat minor for the sheer joy of resolving the key and so letting loose all his feeling in the middle of that sustained E flat at the end of each verse.

Enough has been said to show that Schubert's peculiar manner of interchanging major and minor is due to a literary mental process. We know, moreover, that he would read through a poem attentively several times to allow his invention to bend to it and then write the music down as fast as his pen could move. The instrumental works, of course, are harmonically coloured in this way no less frequently than the vocal music, but we are so filled with reminiscences of characteristic passages of the kind heard in the songs that we involuntarily think of similar poetic situations whenever we come across one in a symphony, a quartet, a sonata or a piano piece. That Schubert, all unconsciously, had similar flashes of poetical inspiration at such moments can hardly be doubted. The famous description of him as the greatest poet among musicians who ever lived reposes surely in the last analysis upon Liszt's recognition of this obsession with lyrical imagery.

Original as he was and unlike as his music is anything that came before him, at any rate along the high road of art pursued by his equals, Schubert would have no claim to the distinction of having taken a decisive new departure except for his adaptation of technical resources to a literary purpose. It is by no means exclusively a matter of his treatment of major and minor, but may be seen most clearly in his manipulation of that particular expedient. None of his predecessors, though many of them used it freely enough, did so in anything but a purely musical way. Bach is fond of the tierce de Picardie, which occurs at the close of all but one fugue (XVIII) out of the twenty-four pieces in minor keys in the first book of ' The Welltempered Clavier,' and the long-deferred key of B major in his ' French Overture ' in B minor for clavier has a ravishing effect. In the Sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti, who appears to a superficial scrutiny to be the true forerunner of Schubert in this particular, there is, of course, no question of anything but an absolutely musical contrivance. In Gluck's 'Orfeo' the sudden burst into C major in the duet between the reunited Orpheus and Eurydice, which is the emotional peak of the opera, is still only a musical effect, for it does not occur at a textual point where it is more appropriate than it might

have been at several others. 'Don Giovanni' has no more striking instance of an unexpected major chord than in the overture* and other examples from Mozart that come to mind are also in instrumental works: the slow movement of the piano sonata in F major (K 332), the first movement of the 'Prague' Symphony (second subject), the G minor quintet (conversion of the minor cadence in the minuet into the major subject of its trio) or the D minor piano concerto (coda of finale). Weber, it is true, shows an understanding of the musical colouring of words that looks suspiciously like influence; but Vienna knew Weber too late for the suspicion to grow into an accusation.

Doubt grows stronger in the case of Beethoven. He was not as close a contemporary as Weber, but he was a co-citizen, and Schubert could not have withstood the magnetic influence diffused throughout Vienna by so compelling a genius even if he had not admired him as he did. So far as there is any indebtedness to be traced in the singularly independent Schubert, Beethoven is the only one among the great masters who left a noticeable mark upon him. No other composer, certainly, used the interchange of minor and major so much before the one whose very finger-print it was to become. But it is still, even with Beethoven, a purely musical objective, as indeed it must needs be in the case of a composer so much more at his ease with instrumental than vocal music. Even 'Fidelio,' in which Schubert must have soaked himself at his most impressionable age, contains no mutations between major and minor which seem to have been irresistibly dictated by the text. The two outstanding passages of the kind are the major portion of the arias of Marcellina and Pizarro in the first act, and they would impose a hard strain on anyone anxious to credit Beethoven with the creation of an important precedent in the use of a procedure that is more than any other in music Schubert's own. It may occur elsewhere in Beethoven's vocal works, as it certainly occurs in those of many pre-Schubertian composers; but its appearance there is either a casual musical turn or a momentary matter of euphony. Even if, in isolated cases, it throws light on the composer's text, the expedient remains only one of many possible ways of turning the phrase musically. But with Schubert one feels in a hundred instances that for the first time no other way was possible. His illumination of literary images by a striking opposition of major and minor is a singularity of style held within bounds of art by a great instinct of fitness. It is not only the very essence of his idiom because it grew into an almost excessive mannerism, but a clear indication of his significance for the music

^{*} The tierces de Picardie at the close of the statue's utterances in the churchyard scene are deliberate archaisms.

that was to come; because he was the first to make it into a vehicle for the expression of things outside music which was to be the distinction—or the bane, if you will—of the century he ushered in. His changing cloud and sunlight effects, his hoverings between fair and rainy weather, make him in a sense the John Constable of music, a more fitting comparison when all is said than that which brought up the name of Rembrandt at the beginning of this article. What Constable was for the Impressionists—a pioneer who came into the world too soon—Schubert is in a way for later musicians. In him we see the April weather of romanticism, a romanticism still in its coy springtide and free as yet from the sultriness that was to make it scarcely bearable at times in the height of its season.

ERIC BLOM

TRANSLATIONS

B. II. 58.* Not in P. Am Flusso (Goethe) Verfliesset, vielgeliebte Lieder.

Lie there, my flowers of song and sonnet.

Upon oblivion's wave, lie there! No lad shall wear you in his bonnet, No girl with you shall weave her hair.

My faith you sang, my love you taught her:

She scorns my love and mocks my faith.

Let water take you, writ in water, For love no longer lived is death.

B. I. 206. P. VI. 8. Schnmcht (Goethe) Was zieht mir das Herz so?

What tugs ut my heart so? What drags me away? And who is this stranger I have to abev ?

The clouds on the mountains they sail

through the air;
O could I be with them! O would
I were there!

The rooks they are holding a parliament high,
I'll join them and follow wherever

they fly By cliff and by castle we float on the wind,

For me she is waiting that I am to find.

And there she is coming! And then, in the hush

Of the woodland, I mimicked the song of the thrush.

She paused, and she listened, and smiled, it may be-'He sings it so sweetly and sings it

for me. The sun set in fire, and of gold was

his throne; She, walking in beauty, knew not he was gone,

And where, by the water, the meadow she trod The shadow grew deeper, and darker

the road.

Then sudden I changed from a bird to a star-

What is that sparkles so near and so far?

And, shooting from heaven, I whispered my sweet— 'How fair is my fortune to fall at your feet!'

> B. II. 130. P. II. 236.

Clärchens Lied (Goethe's Egmont)
Freudvoll und leidvoll,

Lore comes, and pain comes, And searching of heart; Hope goes, and fear goes, And shadows depart; Heav'n is above us,
And hell is below;
Love, and be loved—that
Is all that we know.

> B. III. 189. P. IV 62.

Geistesgruss (Goethe) Hoch auf dem alten Thurme.

High on the castle rampart stood The hero's wraith afar, And bade the ship that rode the flood Good speed in peace and war.

'These sinews once could strike a

This heart beat wild and strong, Within these veins red blood did flow When life and I were young.

For half my days in knightly deed And half in ease were passed; And you, you living crew, good speed, Good speed, until the last.'

^{*} B stands for Breitkopf und Härtel, P for Peters.

B. III. 44. P. IV. 147.

Die Spinnerin (Goethe) Als ich still und ruhig spann.

As I sat and spun all day, Never foul'd the bobbin, Who on earth should come that way, Who, but handsome Robin?

Said he only came to watch-"What's the harm o' that pray?—
Hair and flax a perfect match"—
Going on in that way.

Fidgeted and worrited, Never still, by token, For a moment, till the thread, Sure enough, was broken.

When at last the flax was spun 'Twasn't much to boast of, And the little that was done I'd to make the most of.

When I went on leaden feet With it to the weaver, My poor heart began to beat Faster now than ever.

By the sun's first wayward gleam I went out to bleach it; When I bent towards the stream, I could hardly reach it.

All the weary spinning o't
Wasn't as I meant it;
Truth and weaving both will out;
Nothing can prevent it!

B. IV. 78. P. IV. 138.

Sprache der Liebe (A. W. Schlegel) Lass dich mit gelinden Schlägen.

Wake, my lute, your tender sighing, Touch'd to love beneath my fingers; Day t'wards night declining lingers; Hear then night to day replying. With a wail like the seagulls' crying, As they wheel and swoop and

hover, So my spirit bends above her, Pouring out, from heart's safe-

keeping,
All the sorrow that lay sleeping;
Only song can speak the lover.

No rude sounds her slumber breaking Shall disturb the quiet hours Where, amid the scents of flowers, Posies making and remaking, Half asleep she lies, half waking, Danc'd about by fairy legions From Titania's haunted regions, Hears in music, soft, impassion'd, All that fancy ever fashion'd, Far beyond the mind's allegiance. B. VIII. 10. P. II. 124. Greisongesang (Rückert) Der Frost hat mir bereifet.

The frost has rimmed my dwelling With dazzling white, And yet the room I live in

Is warm and light.
The years have rimmed my forehead
With winter snows,
And yet through vein and temple
The red blood flows.
Youth's hopes must have their closes,
They whither like the roses (the roses)

Where go the hopes that wither? To the heart's deep core; And there, in summer weather They bloom once more.

Of yesternight.

Are life's impetuous torrents
Now mute and still?
Yet in my heart is running
One quiet rill.
Are all the songsters sleeping
In thorn and brake?
Yet, when the world is quiet,
I hear one wake.

It sings 'O lonely dweller,
Make fast the door
And let the world's cold reason
Come in no more,
Shut out the wintry breath
Of reality,
And only let that truth in
That dreamers see.'

B. V. 238. P. IV. 58. Der Wanderer (F. Schlegel) Wie deutlich des Mondes Licht.

How clearly the new moon's ray Seems to say--For she shares the wand'rer's

passion—
'Fix no settled habitation,
Change the road and choose the way;
You will find you
Dread at last these bonds that bind
you.

Learn of others Men are human, men are brothers; Leave the little minds behind you.'

To the ebb and urging flood
In my blood,
Forth I go to men and cities,
Shape my course, and sing my
ditties,
See the world that it is good,

Marking only
What is pure, and sweet, and homely,
And forgetting
Dust and toil and weary fretting;
All alone, but never lonely.

B. VI. 5. P. V. 39. Vom Mitleiden Mariä (F. Schlegel) Als bei dem Kreuz Maria stand.

When by the cross sweet Mary stood, Woe upon woe her soul imbrued, With bitter sorrow smitten;
The pain of Christ upon the rood
Deep in her heart was written.

To see her dear Son pale and dead, His tender body torn and red From cruel spear deep-driven; To see those wounds in side and head, Think how her heart was riven!

Think how those thorns upon His brow

Press'd upon eyes and temples, how They left in blood their token? Her own Son's flesh they broke, and now

The mother's heart is broken.

B. VI. 86. P. VI. 102. Die Vögel (F. Schlegel)

Wie lieblich und fröhlich. We float to our fancy and sing for

our pleasure Like gods we look down on poor human endeavour. How dull are these men that have never learnt flying;

Despair in their faces, and hope on

our pinions! The farmer's caught sight of us here in his garden;

A fig for his gunning! . . . and one for our supper.

B. VI. 130. P. II. 22.

Sehnsucht (Mayrhofer Der Lerche wolkennahe Lieder.

The lark peals out his heavenward carol And breaks the spell of winter's

reign,
The earth puts on her gay apparel,
The winds of spring are here again.

Thou only, dark, distemp'rate bosom, Thou hast no garland gay to show; The spring may break in bud and blossom

Yet never touch thy seated woe.

But bounteous earth will cheat thy longing And Nature reck not of thy fear.

Thy dreams will tremble into song In the glowing pageant of the year.

Yet all the wealth of summer's blooming Will only make desire the more To follow, where the winter cranes are homing, And find thy peace on a kinder

> B. VI. 178. P. III. 207.

Versunken (Goethe) Voll Lockenkraus ein Haupt so rund!

This throne of bliss! This crown of hair! I dip my hand in these luxuriant

tresses. My fingers idle there in long

caresses And touch that wealth that love may dare to share.

I take from brow and cheek and eyo and mouth

Kisses, like water in a land of drouth. My hand, a five-tooth comb, I draw it thro' them!

What magnet was't that drew it to them !

The ear, more tender still than touch, Can hear so quick—it loves so much— Long, long before you know me there. The hand, that in such tresses

plays, is Soon lost, entangled in their mazes. This throne of bliss! This crown of

> B. VI. 194. P. 11. 38.

Suleika I (Goethe) Was bedeutet die Bewegung.

Can it be there is a meaning In the breeze's happy sighing, And the East has sent an answer, To my loneliness replying?

Now he whirls the dust in circles, Wafts it by in hasty scurries; See, the cheerful tribe of insects To the vine for shelter hurries.

Now the sun's hot ray he tempers, Now he cools my burning blushes; From the zest of his embraces Every grape with pleasure flushes.

And that friend of mine (he whispers) Greets me with a thousand blisses; But or e'er the hillside darken They will be a thousand kisses.

So, to other friends in sorrow Take your message, and deliver. There, where glow the castle ramparts, (There) will he be, as now, and ever.

Ah! The news that lovers wait for None but Love himself discovers— Dearer far than voice that whispers, Deeper far than breath that hovers. (Sing thus: Be still, earth, be silent; be still and be silent; for I would listen to the song of the soul that is free, that is free from her prison. Be still, earth, be silent, be silent.)

B. VII. 28. P. V. 26.

Der Zürnende Barde (Bruchmann) Wer wagt's, wer wagt's.

Who'll dare, who'll dare, who'll dare Lay hand on this lyre, to shatter? Take care, take care, Or I'll show him the rights of the matter.

Come one, come all, come any, And look on this wood, from a tree That was grown in a mountain cranny

To fashion this lyre for me.

An oak I planed and rounded
And a terrible oak at that,
For the Druids danced around it
When under it Odin sat.
The strings are another story—
I stole them one day of the sun,
As he sank in a golden glory
To rest, when his work was done.

And built of an oak enchanted
And strung of an evening's gold,
'Twill hold for ever undannted
As long as the gods shall hold
Ever, for ever,
As long as the gods shall hold.

B. VIII. 20 P. V. 196.

Auflösung (Mayrhofer) Verbirg dich, Sonne.

Veil, sun, thy glory!
Fierce the rays of thy fury,
They sear me to the bone,
And you, ye voices,
When the spring rejoices,
Away! and let me alone (let me
alone).

Welling up within, new forces Range and sweep resistless in their courses,

Now making melody Now heav'nly harmony; Be still, earth, be silent, for I would listen

To the song of the soul that is free from her prison. B. VII, 28. P. II. 60.

Die Liebe hat gelogen (von Platen).

Since love has turned to loathing And fed herself on lies, Now lover's faith is nothing But love's unmeaning sighs.

These foolish tears that shame me Shall stain my cheek no more, My heart shall beat as tamely As it beat heretofore.

Now lover's faith, &c.

B. VIII. 186. P. 11. 176.

Auf der Bruck (Schulze) Frisch trabe sonder Ruh' und Rast.

Trot on, my gallant steed, trot on Through night and rain and rolling thunder.

And shy not now at whited stone
Or gnarled oak or goblin wonder.
This roof of trees shuts out the moon,
But overhead it yet may lighten,
And in the darkling valley soon
A cottage lamp our path will
brighten.

Oho, with you between my knees
I'd roam the world o'er hill and
hollow;

Delight and danger, as we please, Are there for us to find and follow. I've met with many a courtly dame, With many a face that's kind and pleasant;

Yet who would barter love for fame Or lose the future in the present?

Three days I have not caught an eye Nor heard a laugh to match my lady's;

Three days the sun has left the sky, And earth is dismaller than Hades. Sometimes I'm sad, and then again I'm happy, when I'm with my treasure;

Yet now, it seems, I have the pain And may be cheated of the pleasure. The swallows over land and sea
To warmer shores are now
repairing;

However long the road may be
With love there need be no
despairing.

despairing.

Trot on, my gallant, by and bye
We'll find that cottage getting
nearer;

And yet my lady's laughing eye
Will give a better light and clearer.

B. III. 126. IV. 198. 200. VIII. 166. 174. P. I. 214.

Lied der Mignon (Goethe) Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,

Who bears an aching heart
He knows what ails me.
Uncared for, far apart,
My courage fails me.
Across the vaulted sky
I send a long sigh.

Ah! he that knows and cares, Ah! he is far away; I faint for fear, and grey Despair assails me Whe bears an aching heart (He) knows what alls me.

> B. VIII. 202. P. II. 227.

Im Frühling (Schulze)
Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang.
I sit upon the grassy hill,
The sky is blue and clear;
A breeze along the valley plays
Where once I spent those happy days
When spring and she were here.

Then at her side I used to go,
And who so glad as I?
We found a fountain clear and cool,
The sky was in the glassy pool,
And she was in the sky.

The buds of spring still hear his call
And into blossom burst;
And bud and blossom both were ours—
But only then I cared for flowers
If she had touched them first.

And everything is still the same,
The flowers, the fields, the trees;
The sun is bright, the water cool,
And still within that glassy pool
The sky its image sees.

'Tis only human wants and wills
That come and go again;
The hours of love pass quickly by,
The joy departs, we know not why,
We only know the pain.

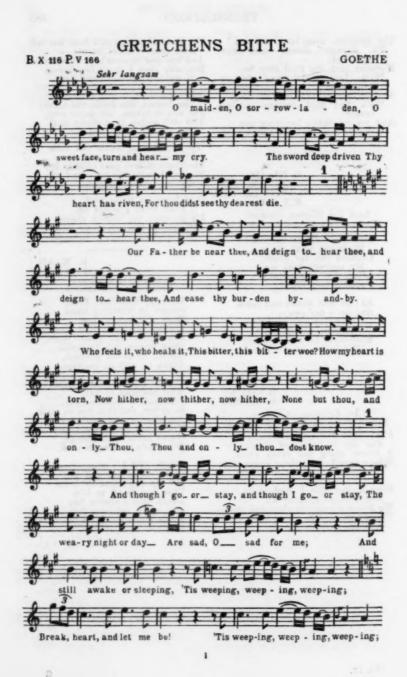
O if I were a little bird
I know what I would do,
I'd sit upon the branch above
And sing a song about my love
The livelong summer through.

B. X. 134. P. VII. 58. Lebensmuth (Rellstab) Fröhlicher Lebensmuth.

Life, an impatient flood, Surges in youthful blood, Born of a hope divine Courses the veins like wine. Draughts of the golden fount Pour, never stay to count-Bitter, or sweet perhaps, Drink it, and no heeltaps.

Count? Never count the cost! Who hesitates is lost. Fortune's a wanton jade; Seize her, and then you're made. No, when a man won't try, Fruit ever grows too high; Grows never high enough, When he's the proper stuff.

Death, with his trumpet call, Comes to us one and all; Fill the cup up to th' brim, Then toss it off to him. Death with a master key Sets every prisoner free. Leads him upon his way Into the light of day.







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REVIEWS OF BOOKS

The Foundations of English Opera. By E. J. Dent. Camb. Univ. Press. 12s. 6d.

Professor Dent traces the early development of opera, of the operatic principle, in England, the fusion, that is to say, of the separate underlying principles of drama and music into a complete and satisfying whole. The book is a valuable contribution to our musical history seen from the operatic angle, it is in fact a study of stage music in the seventeenth century, a period covering the rise and fall of the masque, of the 'heroic opera,' the historical play of the type of Dryden's 'King Arthur' with incidental music and the composition of the two 'chamber operas,' Blow's 'Venus and Adonis' and Purcell's 'Dido and Aeneas.' It is clear from Professor Dent's analysis of the works of this epoch that the mind of the English public was not really attuned to the true operatic idea; in the masque devised for the introduction of elaborate dances and musical numbers there was no drama and in the historical play, the heightening of the effect in certain scenes by the employment of singers and dancers merely meant that the music was being made use of to add to the attraction of the entertainment of the whole thing rather than being its raison d'étre. The following suggestive statement is made: 'To the Italian music is a means of self-expression, or rather of self-intensification; to the Englishman music is a thing apart, a message from another world. The Italian singer creates the music that he utters, or at least appears to create it; the English singer is a sensitive medium through which music is made audible. Music for the Italian is the exaggeration of personality; for the Englishman its annihilation.' There is great truth in this what Professor Dent himself calls the 'roughest of momentary generalisations,' for there can be no opera without a complete belief in the vocal expression in music of the dramatic idea. In the early days the great difficulty lay in how to treat the non-lyrical, the narrative, the declamatory portions of the text and it is pointed out that Purcell's method of carefully measured recitative in 'Dido,' which (like 'Venus and Adonis') is a true opera in the sense that there is no spoken dialogue, could only be tolerable in a short work. The technical resources of a composer at that time were too limited for further progress in that direction and as yet the Italian system of 'recitativo secco' had not been attempted in England. We are therefore led to see why, in an age when there was no lack of both dramatic and musical ability in the country, no real and lasting foundation of a national opera was possible. What is novel in this book is the account and analysis of the various types of entertainment in vogue from the threefold point of view of the dramatist, the musician and the producer. Professor Dent has the faculty of reading a score as someone in the audience, taking in the whole effect, and, as he never fails in true

operatic judgment, his conclusions are at once of great interest and historical importance. It is to be hoped that he will now give us a similar study of the operatic music of the eighteenth century.

N. C. GATTY.

The Art of Violin Bowing. By J. Gerald Mraz. Harlow Publishing Co., Oklahoma City, U.S.A. (no price given).

'This final stage of flying staccato control is very difficult to master.' Before the reader has finished 'The Art of Violin Bowing,' in which the remark occurs, he will feel that flying staccato is not the sole thing hard to master. The book makes about as light reading as a treatise on turbines! Mere reading indeed is insufficient. The problems must be worked out—after the manner of Barrie's charming school-mistress in 'Quality Street'—with 'real herrings.' Violin and bow in hand, the student must work through each of the twenty-four chapters. These follow a systematised course, but not all are of equal value. They present 'the three major fundamental elements upon which all bow technique rests'; they analyse 'the mechanical nature of the technical problems of the bow arm'; and are 'not concerned with the æsthetic or interpretative side.' This forestalls the criticism that the book is better on the mechanical than on the musical side.

'The Physical Element' is well diagnosed, the advice about muscular relaxation is admirable, and the insistence on right thought as the essential prelude to action is invaluable. The allotments of bow divisions and types of arm action are reasonable and lucid, though curiously little is said of tone production. The section on 'Time and the Rhythmical Element' is, however, less felicitous. It smacks of pseudo-science. Only a minority would vote for the author's allocation of 6/8 time as a triple measure. The third section, covering 'The Dynamic Element' and its attendant bowings, is again full of pithy information; Chapter XII is its core. Violinists, prepared to make mental efforts, will find the book clears up many perplexities.

M. M. S.

J. S. Bach. A biography. By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University Press. London: Humphrey Milford. 21s. net.

The author of this biographical study has endeavoured to give an account of Bach the man. Earlier writers had done little in that direction. Forkel, who by reason of the near coincidence of his life with that of J. S. Bach, and his contemporaneity with Bach's sons, might have done much to enlighten future generations about the man he so much admired, was content to let the opportunity slip past while he wrote his charming but incomplete account. Spitta smothers the man under a mass of details, as dry as dead leaves. Schweitzer is excellent so far as he goes, and very readable. From his pages there does emerge some image of the composer as a human being. But he had not the material which Dr. Terry has since gathered together, and his book soon becomes a descriptive account of the music, leaving the man a distant shadow. It is to fill out this shadowy form that Dr. Terry has laboured at research, and the result of that labour is seen in the book under consideration. There is no criticism of the music here, the whole book being taken up by an account of Bach's life and an examination of all sources of information. Probably the last word has here been said about Bach's way of

living, for the author seems to have left no scrap of information unconsidered. The extraordinary thing is that, after all, so dim a picture of Bach emerges. If this is all we are ever to know of him as a man, then we must be content to realise that the riddle will never be answered. The large collection of small details that Dr. Terry has got together, as well as the seventy-five excellent illustrations to this book, make reading that is by turns interesting and dry, more of the former and less of the latter, as far as the general reader is concerned, than Spitta. Thuswise the book has a distinct place in Bach literature, both for its matter and for the way in which that is presented.

The history of music. By Cecil Gray. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

Not the least noticeable fact about this book is the vigour and freshness of the author's style. The writing of a history of music is no light task, and its reading is nearly always something which must be looked upon more as a duty than a pleasure. The author of this volume is to be congratulated on having marshalled and presented an extensive array of facts and opinions in such a way as to make for ease of assimilation. He has provided a concise account of the history of music (the definite article is of importance in this connection), and has succeeded in giving adequate consideration to a vast subject in a relatively small space. As is usual in books of this kind the question arises of how far the author has been able to strike a reasonable balance between the actual recounting of the mere bare historical occurrences and his own personal opinions as to their worth and influence. To say, of Bach, that ' From Mendelssohn to Stravinsky there is no composer who does not, theoretically at least, seek to follow in his footsteps, and even the "jazz" merchants, with sublime effrontery, do not hesitate to invoke his august name in justification of their beastly activities,' is to run a grave risk of decreasing the value of this book as a guide to the history of music. There is a well-written and very just appreciation of Berlioz, for instance, which cannot but be weakened by the kind of obiter dicta of which many more examples, besides the one already quoted, are to be found in the book. The author does much to reinstate neglected composers. One interesting instance of this is his treatment of Bruckner, though here it is surprising to find practically no attention paid to his equally great contemporary, Gustav Mahler, who, as far as we can see, is only mentioned in the index.

Musical instruments and their music, 1500-1750. By Gerald R. Hayes.
Oxford University Press. London: Humphrey Milford. 4s. 6d.
net.

This is the first to appear of a series of five books, and is entitled 'The treatment of instrumental music.' The author is at great pains to rehabilitate the instrumental music of the sixteenth century. It is a wholly laudable intention, and if it is taken for granted that the author is right in saying that this music has been grossly underestimated and allowed to lose its rightful importance in the history of the art, then this book is justified. It is a difficult task to weigh earefully and without definite inclination the relative merits of different styles of music. To write such a book as this at all the author must be filled with all the ardour of the special pleader, and at the same

time have the detachment of the research student. The present author inclines to the former method. His zeal is indubitable, and it is salutary to come across one who is wholly confirmed in the justice of a cause. The best part of the book is that which deals with the actual instruments, where there may be found some curious and useful information about their origin and character. Which of these old instruments is really worth reviving, and which not, is a question that cannot easily be answered. Enthusiasts want them all back. A more disinterested opinion would hold that a few, like the harpsichord and, perhaps, the recorder, can find a place in modern music, when composers feel it in them to write specially for them, as de Falla has done, music which is thoroughly modern, so that these instruments may utter the speech of the present time instead of, as now, that of an irrecoverable past. At present there is too much of the slightly precious atmosphere of a highly-specialised, exclusive antiquarianism surrounding this revival of interest in old chamber music and the old instruments meant for its interpretation. Few people, relatively speaking, take a vital interest in the music of four hundred years ago. Still fewer are moved by it. And that brings the discussion round again to the same point: that the main hope for the harpsichord and the other instruments which may survive lies in the use to which modern composers are going to put them. As soon as music which speaks a language more easily comprehensible is made for playing on harpsichords, people will realise that the instrument has a value of its own. Then it is to be hoped that the public will go in numbers to Arnold Dolmetsch for examples of his beautiful work, and also read the present author on how to deal with the instruments.

Music. By Ursula Creighton. The Simple Guide Series. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

This is a pleasant enough book, designed to interest the moderately musical listener with its easily assimilable chapters on the history of music and the lives of the musicians. It is the sort of book that can be taken in doses, its different sections being largely self-contained, so that before or after a concert the listener can turn up the special part which deals with the composer or the period about which information is needed. Not that Mrs. Creighton has written a popular manual. The book goes quite deeply into things, but not so far below the surface that the inexperienced will find any difficulty in following the writer. Wisely she has restricted herself to a plain account of music and its practitioners, taking the most generally accepted point of view with regard to disputatious matters, and not bothering the minds of her readers with too close a consideration of detail. Thus she says of Schumann: 'His symphonies are not considered his best work . . . ' and leaves it at that. For the enquiring reader will want to go for himself farther into the problem of why Schumann's symphonies are looked on in this way, and who is responsible for the expression of that opinion. Finally, where most books of this kind fall into the unfortunate habit of indulging in varying degrees of sentimental 'gush,' Mrs. Creighton steers clear of that, telling the tale of hardships and mishaps, which plentifully bestrew the lives of the great musicians, with factual simplicity. This alone makes the book a reliable guide. Sc. G.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC

The following abbreviations are used: Y.B.P. [Year Book Press], Ch[ester], O.U.P. [Oxford University Press], Cra[mer], Au[gener], Pax[ton], Sch[irmer, New York].

Miniature full-scores.

Stravinsky's 'Suite No. 1' (Ch.) was originally written as a pianoforte duet. Orchestrated it gains nothing as music, but also loses nothing, which cannot be said of every orchestration of pianoforte works. The heightened colours brought out by the different instrumental tones make a performance in this new manner more amusing to take part in, and the actual orchestration is finely done. Malipiero's 'Impressioni dal vero ' have been heard in London. This, the second part (Ch.), consists of three movements, all scored in a manner which looks overweighted on paper, though it has been found before that Malipiero's orchestration clarifies in performance. What exactly the writer of the preface to this score means by saving that this music 'should not be misinterpreted as programme music or as impressionistic music ' is difficult to grasp, when the composer himself labels the three movements 'Colloquy of bells,' 'Rustic fair 'and 'Cypresses and the wind.' Three rhapsodies for string quartet by Stanley Wilson (O.U.P.) are short movements, of moderate difficulty. interestingly written and probably very well-sounding. They really form a short suite. Arthur Bliss, in writing his quintet for oboe and strings (O.U.P.) has added something to the literature of the oboe, and has produced a work of great beauty. It was heard in London last year and left an enduring impression. That it has not been heard since is unfortunate, for it stands out amongst modern chamber music and is certainly one of the few English works of the last decade that can safely be placed on a level with the greatest modern compositions. There remains a string quartet by Bernard van Dieren (O.U.P.). It looks a work of interesting facture. Farther than that it is difficult to go, for frankly it possesses the kind of complexity that cannot be grasped from the score alone.

Small orchestra.

(1) Original compositions.

John B. McEwen's 'Jocund Dance' (O.U.P.) is a set of four short dances for string band, suitable for the more able kind of amateur. The third movement is Tempo di Tango and has a dim flavour of musica flamenca, though a purist would hold it to be more nearly a habanera. Thomas Dunhill's 'Guildford suite' is published (Pax.) in three forms for orchestras of varying size. The pianoforte conductor's copy shows the music as being melodious, and the six movements, which could well be used for a ballet, are admirably managed.

(2) Arrangements.

These arrangements (all from O.U.P. unless otherwise stated) fall into three main categories; edited music, 'arranged' music, orchestrated music. Of the first there is the sinfonia from J. S. Bach's cantata Kommt, eilet und laufet ' for strings and oboe, and the sinfonia from his cantata 'Wir danken dir, Gott' for strings, three trumpets and tympani, with two ad lib oboi. For strings alone there is an edition of Handel's B minor concerto grosso (the larghetto) which would suit school orchestras. Lastly, M. Esposito has revised (we have not been able to compare this score with the original and thus do not know the extent of the revision) and edited Vivaldi's concerto in B minor (strings only), a more difficult proposition for players than the preceding. In the second category there is Rupert Erlebach's arrangement of a concerto grosso by Corelli (C minor), a remarkably beautiful work and, except for the final gigue, within the reach of most small orchestras. Five short pieces by Handel, arranged for strings by Thomas Dunhill, are taken 'from a rare work.' Here is a pretty problem for research students of the future. But why did the present editor think fit to leave us in the dark? The first of these five pieces is a march from 'Flavius,' but the other four are not included in Watts's selection from the opera. The second of the minuets starts with an exact replica of the second subject of Brahms's C minor pianoforte quartet. The overture and the ballet music from Gluck's Orpheus,' arranged for strings by W. G. Whittaker, take up three volumes, a careful piece of work, doing no violence to the originals. A concerto for strings and harpsichord by Locatelli, arranged ' for concert performance ' by Sam Franko (Sch.) seems from the look of it to have been left mercifully alone, except for useful bowing marks and less useful expression directions. For the school orchestra there is an arrangement of the minuet from Haydn's 'Oxford' symphony. Lastly, the orchestrated music (all O.U.P.). M. Esposito is responsible for an ' Adagio e Giga ' by Baldassare Galuppi, a ' Passacaglia ' by Frescobaldi, and a 'Canzona francese' by Ercole Pasquini. All these are for strings and small wind. The work seems to have been done respectfully and well. There are, further, 'Three traditional Scottish tunes 'by Gerrard Williams set for strings with ad lib wind and drums, suitable, as regards difficulty, for an advanced school orchestra.

Solo instruments with pianoforte.

A 'Phantasy' by Edmund Duncan-Rubbra (O.U.P.) contains some agreeable music and is interesting to play through. It is scored for two violins and pianoforte, is in one movement, and would well repay study. Ernest Walker's 'Variations on a theme of Joachim' for violin and pianoforte (O.U.P.) does not lessen a previous high estimate of this composer's ability. It is a movement of undoubted charm, sufficiently unexpected in manner to make it interesting to work at, so clearly put together as to be not at all difficult to listen to. Arthur Somervell is represented by a sonata in D minor for violin and pianoforte (O.U.P.) that ought to attract fairly proficient players. Musically it is, as might be expected, full of pleasant, melodious turns of phrase. Song has always been one of the mainsprings of this composer's artistic nature. He shares with Stanford an unaffected delight in a good tune. In this sonata there is no display for its own sake. All is fine, straightforward writing. Ethel Smyth knows more

about display, and can use it, though able to curb its exuberance. In 'Two interlinked French folk-melodies 'and in 'Variations on "Bonny Sweet Robin "' for flute, oboe (or violin, or viola) and pianoforte (O.U.P.) there is more ease and grace than generally is the case. These works have sounded well on the concert platform. They should be attacked only by experienced players who can allow the delicate writing to have its full effect. Both scores are well written, and their admirable balance of parts ought certainly to be given full expression if the works are to sound adequate. A 'Poem' for violin and pianoforte by D. M. Stewart (Au.) is lighter music than the foregoing. It should perform very well and be interesting to play. An 'Elegy' for violin and pianoforte by the same composer (Au.) is of similar worthiness, not saying very much that is new either in thought or construction, but making a pleasant little movement for moderate players. 'Triolets' by Arthur Trew (two sets, six movements, O.U.P.) are for violin, violoncello and pianoforte. These short pieces are quite inoffensive and would be interesting stuff for best-grade players in the school. The same may be said of a 'Phantasy' for violin and pianoforte by C. H. Kitson (Y.B.P.) which goes along easily enough and says a good many pleasant things. For school use, also, there is an arrangement for violin and piano of a siciliano by J. S. Bach (Au.) taken from one of the church cantatas.

Organ Music.

(1) Original compositions.

There is a short prelude by Hubert Parry called 'Preston' (Y.B.P.) that is distinguished in style, slight but never trivial. The same fine workmanship can be seen in Charles Wood's Sarabande, Allemande and Courante (Y.B.P.), three short pieces suitable for small organs and churches. Charles Macpherson's Prelude (Y.B.P.) is neither difficult to perform nor to listen to, and should be the right thing for an outgoing voluntary after a quiet afternoon service. Two choral preludes (O.U.P.) by Healy Willan are slightly more advanced in the way of difficulty of performance, though they are hardly as well put together as the Wood movements mentioned above. There is a great deal of similar motion in both preludes, the sort of thing that sounds pretty but weakens the character of a composition. The second prelude (on the tune 'Andernach') has some effective writing in it. Arthur Egerton in 'An Easter prelude' (O.U.P.) also indulges in a great deal of similar motion. His prelude-improvisation on 'Veni Emmanuel ' is a more ambitious work which should sound very well on a large organ. This composer has the habit, to which we have called attention before, in other circumstances, of writing needless octave passages for an instrument which can easily be compelled to sound in octaves by a simple change of registration. Again, a succession of chords in which a number of small intervals appear in octaves makes the general effect extremely thick on an instrument which has pipes of 32, 16, 8, 4, and 2 feet. Thus to crowd lower, middle and upper registers with notes makes for very wearisome hearing. F. H. Shera does not do that sort of thing, and his ' Nocturne ' (O.U.P.) is the better for being treated with a lighter touch. The octaves at the end are justified because they stand for a special effect. Much similar motion, again, makes this piece monotonous. The registration is left to the performer, a wise notion.

seeing that every organ is differently arranged, a fact which necessitates fresh registration for each instrument. In the end, registration must be done by the player, and the only directions in the score which can possibly be of permanent utility are those which deal with length of pipe. Henry G. Ley's fantasia on 'Aberystwyth' is fine stuff, true organ music using a technique peculiar to the instrument, the whole based on a magnificent tune. It is difficult music to play, and at the same time worth the trouble of getting ready for performance. It is one of the most excellent English organ works since Parry's death. 'Two sea preludes' by Robin Milford (O.U.P.) look interesting well-written pieces, moderately difficult, probably nice to hear, certainly worth playing.

(2) Arrangements.

Ten instrumental movements from the cantatas by J. S. Bach have been arranged for organ by Harvey Grace (O.U.P.). This is an excellent field, hitherto closed to the general organist. As it is, he cannot but be delighted to have the beautiful sonatina which opens 'Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit 'made easily accessible to him. This useful volume contains other things as good, all very well set for an instrument for which, in many ways, they seem to have been originally written, such good organ music do they make. The same editor has arranged the minuet and trio from Schubert's string quartet op. 29 (Y.B.P.) with equal restraint. These two publications are much to be recommended. Further, there is a Fancy by John Stanley, arranged by Harry Wall (Cra.), and the Siciliano from J. S. Bach's second flute sonata arranged by J. Stuart Archer (Pax.).

Songs.

Three songs by John Ireland head the list (O.U.P.). Two have words by A. E. Housman and go to swell the immense collection of settings of that poet's work. These latest songs are both good. 'We'll to the woods no more ' is wistful and passionately sad. 'In boyhood' is instinct with all the loneliness of those who have come to feel the evanescence of life's greatest gifts. Finally, as pendant to the two songs, there is a movement for pianoforte solo which is headed with a quotation from an earlier volume by A. E. Housman, and is meant to be played after the songs are over. This is a new idea and a charming one. The music of the last section recalls the melodies of the songs, has much of the same curious harmonic structure, and utters a last word of meditative comment upon what has gone before. The three linked movements make a memorable impression, and worthily follow the Thomas Hardy songs which, although deeper, are not more moving.

John Ireland's setting of Christina Rossetti's 'When I am dead, my dearest' (O.U.P.) is delicate and slight, a simple treatment of the poem. Ivor Gurney has set Francis Ledwidge's 'Desire in spring' and made a good song. The whole thing is poetic and sensitive, and must be treated by singer and player in that way. Three songs by Herbert Hughes (Au.) are obviously the work of a skilled hand. 'Lovers' quarrels' is a delightful poem which must have been extremely pleasing to set, though the composer has offered a hostage to fortune in stressing 'quiet' in such an unusual way, creating a difficulty there for the singer. 'The distance' is an attractive song, and 'A love-letter,' with its exquisite words, would also make good

singing. Herbert Howell's setting of Blake, 'A little boy lost,' is thoroughly satisfying. It is curiously Russian. Mussorgsky himself might well have written this simple, rather gauche accompaniment, treating the words (they, too, might have come straight out of a tale by Tchekov) in the same direct manner, unadorned, rather stiff. This

song ought to be given many chances of performance.

Totally different in treatment and in feeling are two sets of Italian songs (Ch.). F. Boghen is responsible for 'Mnemosyne,' five lyric poems in a suite. They are assuredly written with an idea of their sounding well. Probably that consideration was uppermost in the composer's mind, and he has succeeded. After all, it is not an extreme point of view. A song ought to sound well. If it does not, it has failed in one, at least, of its duties. If in its main duty, or not, will be a matter for discussion, though few will disagree that one part of its business is such. But equally certainly something more is required to make a good song. That is what is lacking here. The composer seems at variance with the poems, although he sets the words fairly enough. There is little cohesion about the songs, which vaguely wander along. Of the four songs by Lodovico Rocca, the last, called 'Pessimismo,' has more character than the rest. The words are from some ancient Greek Inscriptions,' and deserve a simpler setting which would liberate them from the mass of harmonies which at present smother them. Other songs from abroad are four from America (Sch.), not such a good selection as in former months. Two songs by James Beach (' Wings ' and ' The cup of dew ') are negligible, the first turgid and altogether too heavy, the second better fashioned, with an ending that has some grace. W. H. Nash's 'Jean' is a simple setting of Burns, verging on the obvious. The composer has done violence to the poem by wrong stressing and needless repetition in the second

There remain four songs by different English composers (all O.U.P.). 'Forget not yet,' by Hal Collins, has words by Sir Thomas Wyatt that are of a great charm. The setting is rather stiff, but better so than over-adorned. Arthur Duff has bravely set 'Who is Sylvia?' But why repeat the last line of each verse? R. E. H. Allport's 'Come away, Death' is unequal. The composer jeopardises the reposefulness and sadness of the song by using a major key, which alone would not have been an impossible position, and basing the accompaniment on a persistent trochaic figure that cannot but sound too tripping for the sad solemnity of the lines. 'The feast of Christmas' has words and music by S. Taylor Harris, and so it is in this case impossible to quarrel with the way the composer has treated the poet. The song is rather monotonous, though, sung by a young voice and an unsophis-

ticated singer, it might sound well.

Sc. G.

REVIEWS OF PERIODICALS

De Muziek. Amsterdam. June.

An important article by Heer and Mevrouw Brandts Buys on Javanese wooden-gong orchestras takes up the main part of this issue. The authors are authorities on their subject, in fact, they are practically, if not altogether, the first in the field. No one who has not heard the mysterious Javanese gamelan music can have the faintest realisation of the distance that separates that from European music. Not long ago a chance was afforded to hear that music in Hol-The bewilderment of those who met these sounds for the first time was great and the effect disturbing. To some this peculiar brand of Eastern music seemed monotonous, to others it appeared to be lacking in organisation. The first of these feelings would probably have been dispelled on further acquaintance. There is no doubt that beneath that uniform exterior there exist a hundred subtleties of intonation that escape an untutored ear. As for the lack of organisation, the present informative article will suffice finally to dissipate that misconception. The examples used as illustrations show how varied is the rhythm of a wooden gong orchestra, and with what assurance those rhythmic patterns are woven. To those who know anything of Javanese art and culture it will not be a matter for surprise that this race should have fashioned a music which could be used as a means of expression as positive and as potent as the intricate patterns, and the blended and contrasted colours of batik and ikat, with all the highly-organised technique of limning, knotting and dyeing that has been perfected through long ages. Looking over an excerpt from a wooden-gong orchestral score, the mind at once turns for comparison to one of those (now rare) native batik cloths. In the pattern of the music on the page, and in the design imprinted on the stuff there is the same balanced repetition of certain figures whose actual meaning may escape one, but whose general significance is as impressive as if it were not stated in symbols beyond our comprehension. July.

The article on wooden-gong orchestras is continued and concluded, with further examples of the method employed in combining disparate rhythms. Heer Paul Sanders contributes a third section to his article on Jewish influences in music, tracing the effect of Jewish melodic forms on music in general. There is an interesting article by Dr. Paul Pisk of Vienna cn Schubert's reactions to contemporary political activities in Europe. It seems that the circle of his friends contained men whose opinions were regarded with suspicion by the authorities and that Schubert's own name once appeared in a police report dealing with suspected characters. But that is as far as it went. Schubert was too intent on enjoying himself in his work, and on scraping together enough money to exist on, to give much thought to political questions.

Vol. IX.

Musica d'oggi. Milan. May.

Sig. A. della Corte's article deals with Piccini in Paris 1776-1800 and the works that it brought forth. The tale of his Paris years is one of the most curious in musical biography. He never seems to have understood the French or they him. He was made the protagonist in a quarrel not of his picking, against a man he admired. Sig Finzi writes a descriptive notice of Bianchini's new 'Thien-hoa,' and Sig. Lualdi does a similar service for Pizzetti's latest work, 'Fra Gherardo.'

June

In a series entitled 'History of the principle musical institutions of Italy,' Sig. Arnaldo Bonaventura writes on the Cherubini conservatoire in Florence. Sig. Filippo Brusa contributes a short article on esthetic considerations arising out of Wagner's 'Ring.'

July.

Sig. Guiseppe de Napoli writes on the Sicilian composer Pietro Platania, the centenary of whose birth falls this year. His most important work, according to the writer of this article, was the opera 'Spartaco.' Herr Fleischmann writes on Hebrew music, a short article which discusses the present position of the Semitic race in the musical world, giving names of celebrated Jewish composers and musicians.

Pult und Taktstock. Vienna. April.

Herr Erwin Stein has a short biographical article on the composer Franz Schreker, whose fiftieth birthday is this year. Herr Alfred Szendrei discusses a problem which is near to us here, namely, the question of wireless and its effect on the concert hall. Which is to hold the field? The actual concert where the artist alone stands between the audience and the music, or the wireless concert where the performance reaches the hearer by means of extraneous aids? The editor contributes a note to this article in which he says it may be possible to persuade one of the wireless musical experts from London to say something further on this subject, which, he says, will be of interest 'because in London especially wireless stands high as regards art, and a great many experiments have been made in that direction.'

May.June

The number opens with a descriptive article by Herr Theodor Wiesengrund-Adorno of Schönberg's wind-quintet, followed by one on the present state of creative music in Paris and Vienna by George Antheil. Schulhoff's first symphony has a short notice by the composer.

Musikblätter des Anbruch. Vienna. May.

Ernst Krenek writes on his three one-act operas, 'Der Diktator,' Das geheime Königreich' and 'Schwergewicht, oder Die Ehre der Nation.' These three works were composed directly after 'Jonny spielt auf' was finished. There is no doubting the astonishing productiveness of Krenek. Herr Stuckenschmidt contributes an article on Hanns Eisler the composer and pupil of Schönberg. There is an

informative description of a performance in Leningrad of the 'Ur-Boris' of Mussorgeky.

June-July.

The most important thing in this issue is undoubtedly Herr Rudolf von Laban's article on the result of his experiments in inventing a serviceable method of reproducing dance steps by means of printed symbols, so that the steps of a ballet may be treated as the music is, and printed off like a full-score. Herr Laban's script has been tested for some years, and its inventor has satisfied himself as to its practicability. There is an instructive article by Herr Redlich on Malipiero's new edition of Monteverdi, and a biographical sketch of Ethel Smyth by Herr R. St. Hoffmann.

Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft. Leipzig. May.

The main part of this issue is taken up with an exhaustive study of sixteenth century Protestant music as represented by Joachim a Burck. This composer (1546-1610) was one of the most far-famed organists of his day, and his cutput as a composer (see Eitner for complete list) was large. The present write reviews the whole field of Protestant music after Luther in this extremely informative and useful article. Here Drechsel has a note on an interesting inventory of musical instruments in the possession of the Elector of Saxony at Dresden in 1681.

La Rassegna Musicale. Turin. June.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri form the subject of an article by Sig. F. Luizzi. Grenfell and Hunt's edition (London, 1922) form the basis of this study, which deals with the general question of the hymns of primitive Christendom, tracing the two influences of Greek and Hebrew. Sig. G. Pannain continues the studies of contemporary composers, treating of Ferrucio Busoni in this number. Sig. Parigi concludes his study of the painters and their allusions to music.

Modern Music. New York. May-June.

Hugo Leichtentritt writes on Schönberg, analysing that composer's op. 19, the Six Little Piano Pieces. The article is technical, but the subject is made clearer by musical examples. Frederick Jacobi describes Stravinsky's 'Apollo Musagetes,' saying of the music 'at its best it has great dignity and charm and in its most arid moments it is not devoid of a musical interest which is pure and serious.' Alfred Casella has something to say on the musical season in Europe, among other things that 'the most significant features seem . . to have been the steady decline of atonal music, and, in the theatre, Wagner's yielding of place not only to Verdi but even to "Jonny Spielt auf." Henry Cowell discusses certain new terms for new music, things like 'suggested polychord,' counterharmonic succession' or 'dissonant counterpoint,' which presumably are of use in discussing the technicalities of modern composition.

SCHUBERT CENTENARY GRAMOPHONE RECORDINGS

Symphony In C

The two leading companies were bound to issue recordings of the Grand Symphony in C, and we have the exceptionally valuable opportunity of learning this work through the performances of two master-musicians: Leo Blech in the case of the H.M.V., and Hamilton Harty in the case of Columbia. The orchestras are the L.S.O. and the Hallé. For sheer loveliness of sound, the H.M.V. takes first place, the German conductor revelling in rich, pure, exquisitely sensuous tone. For simple, manly directness of expression, the British conductor takes first place.

Symphony in B minor

The Unfinished

Every recording organisation probably brought the B minor symphony into its catalogue at the earliest moment when the gramophone began to include good music, and this work has been issued afresh with every further development in the science of recording. Only Parlophone, at the moment of writing these notes, has therefore had occasion to send the B minor out as a distinctively Centenary publication. I am not acquainted with other recordings, but cannot believe that any of them can be quite so calm, strong, and consistently beautiful in performance and reproduction as the new Parlophone (Max von Schillings: Berlin State Opera House Orchestra).

Sonatinas for Violin and Piano

Few musicians, apart from violin students, know the three sonatinas, Op. 137, written by Schubert when about nineteen years old. They are pleasant little essays in that Mozart vein which he worked in his instrumental music for so long. No. 1, in D major, is played by Albert Sammons and William Murdoch (Columbia), and No. 3, in G minor, by Isolde Menges and de Greef (H.M.V.).

Piano Sonatas

Columbia alone has blessed us with any of the piano sonatas, though even Columbia was not drawn to that last great sonata in B flat, with which Schubert finished his work in this line. But Pouishnoff records the long sonata in G, Op. 78 (incorrectly termed 'fantasia' in most editions), and the result is not only an ideal performance of Schubert, but one of the most delightful of all piano gramophone records. Myra Hess records a charming little sonata in A major, Op. 120, the finale of which is altogether captivating.

Chamber Music

Columbia again flowed freely in respect of chamber music, issuing within a week recordings (in some cases, re-recordings) of the octet in F, the 'Trout' quintet, and the trio in B flat. Each of these very important publications is fully successful.

The octet is the chief treasure. It is played by the Léner Quartet, with C. Hobday, C. Draper, E. W. Hinchcliff, and Aubrey Brain; a body of artists that could hardly be surpassed for this particular task.

Ethel Hobday is the pianist in the 'Trout' quintet, and the violinist is John Pennington. The trio is played by Myra Hoss, Jelly d'Aranyi, and Felix Salmond.

H.M.V. provided a curiously vital interpretation, by the Budapest Quartet, of the detached movement in C minor which is generally referred to as the 'Quartettsatz' (1880); and a very brilliant interpretation, by the same people, of the 'Death and the Maiden' quartet in D minor. Each of these is a triumphant vindication of the gramophone.

Miscellaneous

Columbia publishes in an album a most welcome Rosamunde set (Harty, and the Hallé Orchestra): the overture; the entr'actes Nos. 1, 2, and 3; and

the ballet-music, Nos. 1 and 2.

A charming piano record is that of Backhaus (H.M.V.) playing (otherwise 'Rosamunde Variations') the Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 8, and the Moment Musical, Op. 94, No. 8. The Moment Musical makes a perfect prelude to the theme and variations.

Songs

Up to the end of August no recording company had announced the issue of a representative set of Schubert solo songs, and none except Parlophone had previously issued a series of these pieces. Musicians hoped that the Centenary would inspire the recording of at least a hundred songs, and that among them would be many of the important or exceptionally interesting ones which we still know only by name.

It is also disappointing to observe that no solitary example of Schubert's choral and religious works has been

recorded or announced.

The Parlophone series consist of (a) twelve numbers from Winterreise. sung by Richard Tauber in what must be an ideal manner for the Schubert song; and (b) eight songs sung by Lotte Lehmann, one of the most cultured of living lieder singers: her selection comprises the Ave Maria; the Serenade; An die Musik; the slumber-song, Du bist die Ruh'; the ever de-lightful Auf dem Wasser zu singen; nghtui Auf term rasser, and Death and the Maiden. Pamphlets are issued with these records, with the original

German text and English translations. H.M.V.—John McCormack offers a little-known song in Die liebe hat gelogen, pairing this with Who is Sylvia? which he sings in an easy-going manner. Elsie Suddaby sings (for one disc) the Screnade, the Rosebud, and Hark, hark, the Lark. Georg A. Walter sings Nacht und Traume and the Du bist die Ruh', and Mavis Bennet gives gramophonists yet again the Ave Maria and the Screnade. (A good deal is said about the wonder and beauty and significance of the Schubert song, yet evidently present-day singers do not see any reason why they should take the trouble to turn over the pages of the various volumes and pick out things which are not already popular.) Within a single H.M.V. disc are brought Elizabeth Schumann's interpretations of four songs: Die Post, Wohin?, In Abendroth, and Die Vögel.

Columbia.—Sir George Henschel, at the age of 78, records for the gramo-

phone Das Wandern and Der Leiermann. No one who was in a receptive mood when he first heard a reproduction of the second song ('The Organ-man'), as thus sung by the oldest living singer. will ever forget the impression it made on him.

Since the foregoing was set up in type, a number of important Schubert recordings have been issued by Columbia and H.M.V. These make it possible to modify very considerably the complaint that the songs are not adequately represented, though not the complaint that singers have failed to show sufficient enterprise in seeking out unknown pieces.

The Schwanengesang (1888). Schubert's final batch of songs have not been sung in full. But Alexander Kipnis (Columbia) provides Doppel-gänger, Aufenthalt, and Am Meer, and Elena Gerhardt (H.M.V.) provides Abschied and Fischermädehen. Frank Titterton (Columbia) has also made a recording of Am Meer. There is no need to say anything of the art of

these singers.

Winterreise (1827). It was re-marked above that Richard Tauber had sung twelve numbers from this Now Elena Gerhardt supplies H.M.V. duplicates of eight of them: Gute Nacht, Der Lindenbaum, Wasserfluth, Frühlingsträume, Die Post, Die Krähe, Der Wegweiser, and Der Leiermann. Elena Gerhart is a great lieder singer. But Richard Tauber, so far as these 'Winter Journey' songs are concerned, is greater than she. He lives in them, and you are hardly conscious of anything but the lyric drama of the pieces while he is unfolding the story

Alexander Kipnis supplies us with Columbia duplicates of Der Wegweiser and Der Lindenbaum. This singer is another master of Schubert song.

Die Schöne Müllerin (1823). Haus Duhan, of the State Opera, Vienna, sings the entire set of the 'Mald of the Mill' songs (H.M.V.) He does not appear to live in the music as Tauber does, and his style generally is one to which we have to get accus-tomed before we can thoroughly appreciate his art. But he is a musician of the first rank, and his centenary recording will have a lasting value.

Elena Gerhart (H.M.V.) has recorded a few miscellaneous songs: An die Musik (1817); the Schlummer-lied (1817); the Litanei (1818); Geheimnis (1821); Der Musensohn (1822); the Romance from Rosamunde (1823), etc.

Kipnis and Roy Henderson (Columbia) have sung respectively Der Wanderer (1816) and the thrilling Gruppe aus dem Tartarus (1817). The last-named is an example of Schubert's early propensity for classical subjects. It should be companioned by others of the same.

Columbia has more than done its first duty by the instrumental music,

as my earlier notes make clear. But to the already handsome line struck out during the spring and summer are to be added the six Moments musicaux, Op. 94 (Ethel Leginska), the four Impromptus, Op. 142 (Ethel Leginska), and the A minor string quartet (played by the Musical Art Quartet.) These are not to hand yet for review; but Columbia's success in the recording of solo piano performance suggests that Ethel Leginska's work will be admirably presented.

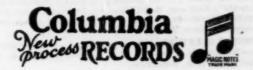
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